ARGALUS
AND
PARTHENIA.

Written by *Fra. Quarles.*

The last Edition Corrected, Amended,
AND
ILLUSTRATED with 30. FIGURES
Relating to the
STORY.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Gain*, for *M. Rooks*; and are to be
Sold by the *Booksellers* of *LONDON*
and *WESTMINSTER*,
MDCLXXXIV.

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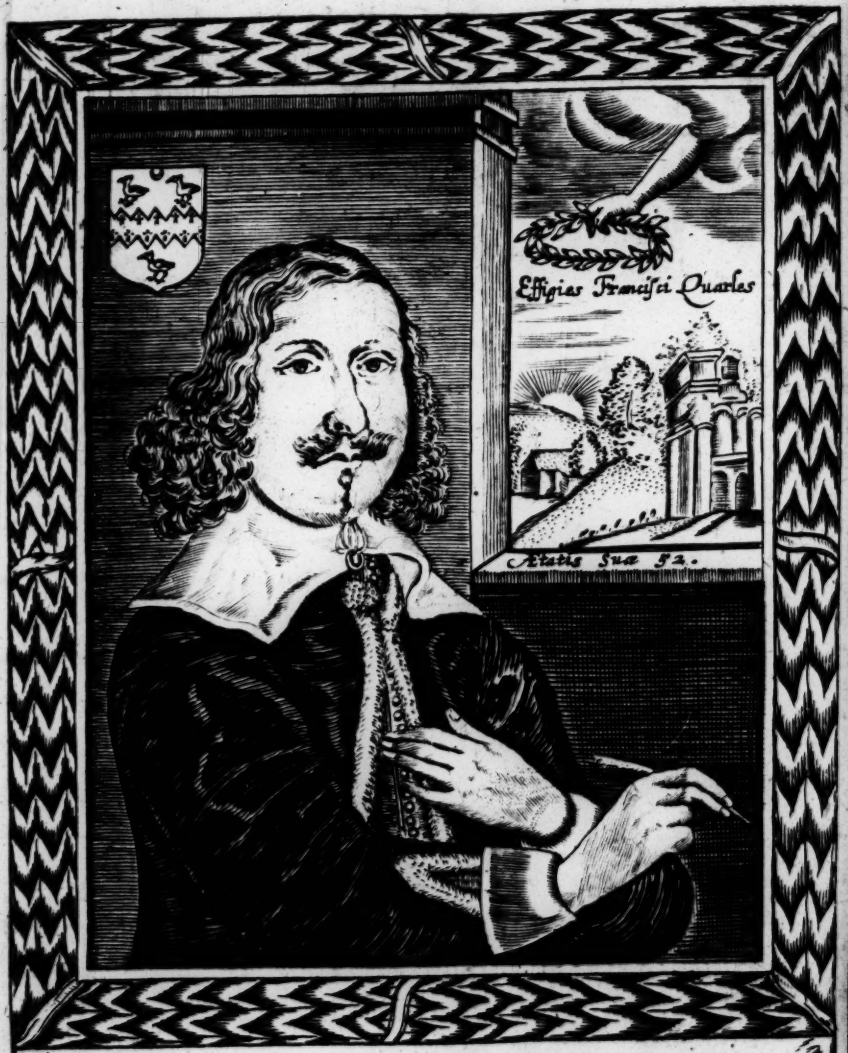

What heere wee see is but a Graven face.
Onely the Shaddow of that brittle case
Wherin were treasur'd up those Gemms, which hee
Hath left behind him to Posteritie.

Cross sculp: Al. Ross.

ARGALVS and PARTHENIA
The Argument of the History
Lusit Anacreon
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by y sa
By Fra: Quarles

Printed for Mary Rookes.

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The Mind of the Frontiſpiece.

READER, behind this ſilken Front'ſpice lies
The Arg'ment of our Book: which to your Eyes
Our Muſe (for ſerious Cauſes, and beſt known
Unto her ſelf) commands ſhould be unſhown:
And therefore, to that end ſhe hath thought fit
To draw this Curtain 'twixt your eye and it.

TO THE READER.

Reader,

I *Preſent thee here with a Hiſtory of* Argalus *and* Parthenia, *the fruits of broken hours. It was a* Ciens *taken out of the Orchard of Sir* Philip Sidney, *of precious memory, which I have lately graffed upon a Crab-ſtock, in mine own. It hath brought forth many leaves, and promiſes pleaſing fruit, if malevolent eyes blaſt it not in the bud. This Book differs from my former, as a Courtier, from a Churchman: But if any think it unfit for one to play both parts, I have preſidents for it: And let ſuch know, that I have taken but one Play-day in ſix: However, I ſhould beſhrew that hand that binds them all together to make one* Volume. *In this diſcourſe, I have not affected to ſet thy underſtanding on the Rack, by the tyranny of ſtrong* Lines, *Which (as they fabulouſly report of* China *diſhes) are made for the third generation to make uſe of, and are the meer itch of wit; under the colour of which, many have ventured (truſting to the* Oedipean *conceit of their ingenious Reader) to write non-ſence, and felloniouſly father the created expoſitions of other men; not unlike ſome Painters, who firſt make the picture, then, from the opinion of better judgments, conclude whom it reſembles. Theſe lines are ſtrong enough for my purpoſe: If not for thine, yet read them, and yet underſtandings may be*

magnified

magnified by their weakneſs. Reader, thou ſhalt in the progreſs of this Story, *meet with a ſeeming* Solœciſm; *which is this;* Demagoras *his ſo foul a deed perpetrated upon the fair* Parthenia, *is fully expreſt; and yet, the revenge thereof paſt over in ſilence; wherein (as I conceive) I have not dealt unjuſtly. When* Prometheus *ſtole fire from Heaven to animate and quicken his artificial bodies, the ſeverer gods for puniſhment of ſo high a ſacriledg, ſtruck him not dead with a ſudden Thunder-bolt, but (to be more deeply avenged) let him live, to be tormented with Vultures continually gnawing on his Liver. The ſame kind of torture had* Ixion; *ſo had* Siſyphus; *ſo had* Tantalus: *Did then* Demagoras *fault equal (if not exceed) theirs, and ſhould his puniſhment be leſs? Had my pen delivered him dead in your hands, what could you have had more? His accurſed memory had ſoon rotted with his baſer name, and there had been an end of him: In which reſpect, I have ſuffered him to live, that he may ſtand like a* Jack a Lent, *or a* Shroving Cock, *for every one to ſpend a Cudgil at, to the worlds end.* Ladies, (*for in your ſilken laps I know this Book will chuſe to lie, which being far-fetched, if the* Stationer *be wiſe, will be moſt fit for you*) *my ſuit is, That you would be pleaſed to give the fair* Parthenia *your noble entertainment: She hath croſt the Seas for your acquaintance, and is come to live and die with you; to whoſe gentle hands I recommend her, and kiſs them.*

Dublin, *this* 4. *of* March, 1621.

FR. QUARLES.

Argalus

ARGALUS AND PARTHENIA.

THE FIRST BOOK.

WIthin the limits of th' *Arcadian* Land,
Whoſe grateful bounty hath inricht the hand
Of many a Shepherd Swain, whoſe rural Art
(Untaught to gloze, or with a double heart
To vow diſſembled Love) did build to Fame
Eternal *Trophies* of a Paſtoral name:
That ſweet *Arcadia*; which, in antick days,
Was wont to warble out her well-tun'd lays
To all the World; and, with her Oaten Reed,
Did ſing her love whilſt her proud flocks did feed:
Arcadia, whoſe deſarts did claim to be
As great a ſharer in the *Daphnean* Tree,

As

As his, whoſe louder *Ænead* proudly ſings
Heroick conqueſts of victorious Kings:
There (if th'exuberance of a word may ſwell
So high, that *Angels* may be ſaid to dwell)
There dwelt that *Virgin*, that *Arcadian* glory,
Whoſe rare compoſure did abſtract the ſtory
Of true Perfection, modellizing forth
The height of beauty, and admired worth;
Her name *Parthenia*, whoſe unnam'd deſcent,
Can ſerve but as a needleſs complement,
To gild Perfection: She ſhall boaſt, alone,
What bounteous Art, and Nature makes her own.
Her Mother was a Lady, whom deep age
More fill'd with honor, then diſeaſes; ſage,
A modeſt Matron, ſtrict, reſerv'd, auſtere,
Sparing in Speech, but lib'ral of her Ear;
Fierce to her foes, and violent where ſhe likes;
Wedded to what her own opinion ſtrikes:
Frequent in Alms, and charitable Deeds,
Of mighty ſpirit, conſtant to her *Beads*,
Wiſely ſuſpicious; but what need we other
Then this? She was the fair *Partheniaes* Mother,
That rare *Parthenia*, in whoſe Heavenly eye
Sits Maiden mildneſs, mixt with Majeſty;
Whoſe ſecret power hath a double skill,
By frowns or ſmiles to make alive, or kill;
Her Cheeks are like to Banks of faireſt Flowers,
Inricht with ſweetneſs from the Twilight ſhowers,
Whereon thoſe jars, which were ſo often bred,
Compoſed were, betwixt the white and red:
Her Hair wrought down beneath her Ivory Knees,
As if that Nature, to ſo rare a piece

Had

Had meant a ſhadow; laboring to ſhow,
And boaſt the utmoſt that her hand could do:
Like ſmalleſt Flax appear'd her Nymph-like Hair,
But onely Flax was not ſo ſmall, ſo fair:
Her Lips like Rubies, and you'd think, within,
In ſtead of Teeth, that orient *Pearls* had been:
The whiteneſs of her dainty Neck you know,
If ever you beheld the new-faln *Snow*;
Her Swan-like Breſts were like two little *Sphears*,
Wherein, each azure line in view appears,
Which, were they obvious but to every eye,
All liberal Arts would turn *Aſtronomy*:
Her ſlender waſte, her Lilly-hands, her Arms
I dare not ſet to view; becauſe all Charms
Forbidden are: my baſhful *Muſe* deſcends
No lower ſtep: Here her *Commiſſion* ends,
And by another Virtue doth enjoyn
My Pen to treat Perfection more divine.
The chaſte *Diana*, and her Virgin crew
Was but a *Type* of one that ſhould enſue
In after-ages, which we find expreſt,
And here fulfill'd in chaſte *Parthenia*'s Breſt;
True vertue was the object of her will;
She could no ill, becauſe ſhe knew no ill;
Her thoughts were noble, and her words not laviſh
Yet free, but wiſely weigh'd; more apt to raviſh,
Then to entice; leſs beautified with Art,
Then natural ſweetneſs: In her gentle Heart
Judgment tranſcended; from her milder Breſt
Paſſion was not exiled, but repreſt:
Her voice excel'd; nay, had you heard her voice
But warble forth, you might have had the choice,

To

To take her for ſome ſmooth-fac'd *Cherubin*,
Or elſe ſome glorious *Angel*, that had been
A treble ſharer in th'eternal joys,
Such was her voice, ſuch was her heavenly voice:
Merry, yet modeſt; witty, and yet wiſe;
Not apt to toy, and yet not too too nice;
Quick, but not raſh; Courteous, and yet not common;
Not too familiar, and yet ſcorning no man:
In brief, who would relate her praiſes well,
Muſt firſt bethink himſelf, what 't is t' excel.
When theſe Perfections had enhaunc'd the name
Of rare *Parthenia*, nimble-winged Fame
Grew great with honor, ſpreads her haſty Wings,
Advanc'd her Trumpet, and away ſhe ſprings,
And with her full-mouth'd blaſt ſhe doth proclaim
Th'unmated glory of *Parthenia's* name:
Who now but fair *Parthenia?* What report
Can find admittance in th' *Arcadian* Court
But fair *Partheniaes?* Every ſolemn Feaſt
Muſt now be ſweetned, honor'd, and poſſeſt
With high diſcourſes of *Partheniaes* glory,
And every mouth muſt breath *Partheniaes* ſtory.
The poet ſummons now his amorous Quill,
And ſcorns aſſiſtance from the Sacred Hill:
The ſweet-lipt Orator takes in hand to raiſe
His prouder ſtile, to ſpeak *Partheniaes* praiſe.
The curious Painter wiſely doth diſplace
Fair *Venus*, ſets *Parthenia* in her place.
The pleader burns his Books, diſdains the Law,
And falls in love with whom his eyes ne'r ſaw.
Healths to the fair *Parthenia* fly about
At every board, whil'ſt others, more devout,

Build

Build Idols to her, and adore the ſame,
And Parrets learn to prate *Partheniaes* name:
Some truſt to fame, ſome ſecretly diſprize
Her worth; ſome emulates, and ſome envies:
Some doubt, ſome fear leſt laviſh Fame belie her,
And all that dare believe report, admire her.
Upon the borders of the *Arcadian* Land
Dwelt a *Laconian* Lord: Of proud command,
Lord of much people, youthful, and of fame,
More great than good, *Demagoras* his name:
Of ſtature tall, his body ſpare and meager,
Thick ſhouldred, hollow cheek'd, and viſage eager,
His gaſhful countenance ſwarthy, long and thin,
And down each ſide of his reverted Chin
A lock of black neglected Hair (befriended
With Warts too ugly to be ſeen) deſcended;
His rouling eyes were deeply ſunk, and hiew'd
Like fire: 'Tis ſaid, they bliſter'd where they view'd.
Upon his ſhoulders from his fruitful Crown
A rugged crop of *Elf-locks* dangled down:
His hide all hairy; gariſh his attire,
And his Complexion meerly Earth and Fire
Perverſe to all; extenuating what
Another did, becauſe he did it not:
Maligning all mens actions but his own,
Not loving any and belov'd of none:
Revengeful, envious, deſperately ſtout,
And in a word, to paint him fully out,
That had the Monopoly, to fulfil
All vice, the *Hieroglyphick* of all ill.
He view'd *Partheniaes* face. As from above,
Fire-balls of Lightning hurl'd by angry *Jove*,

Con-

Confound th' unarm'd beholder at a blow,
And leave him ruin'd in the place; Even ſo
The Peerleſs Beauty of *Partheniaes* eyes,
At the firſt ſight did conquer and ſurprize
The laviſh thoughts of this amazed lover,
Who void of ſtrength to hide, or to diſcover
The tyrannous ſcorching of his ſecret fires,
Prompted by Paſſion, with himſelf conſpires:
Accurs'd Demagoras! *Into what a Feaver*
Hath one look ſtruck thy ſoul? O never, never
To be recur'd! If I had done amiſs,
Hath Heaven no eaſier Plagues in ſtore, but this?
Prometheus *paints are not ſo ſharp as theſe,*
Our ſins yet labor'd both of one diſeaſe;
Our faults are equal: Both ſtole fire from Heaven,
Our faults alike, Why are our Plagues uneven?
Be juſt, O make not ſuch unequal ods
Of equal ſins: Be juſt, or elſe no gods:
Why ſend ye down ſuch Angels to the Earth,
To mock poor mortals? or of mortal birth
If ſuch a Heaven-like Paragon may be,
Why do ye not wound her as well as me?
But why do I implore your aids in vain,
That are the higheſt Agents in my pain?
Poor wretch! What hope of help can ye aſſure me,
When onely ſhe that made the wound, can cure me?
Divine Parthenia, *Earths unvalued Jewel:*
would thou hadſt been leſs glorious, or leſs cruel:
When firſt thine eyes did to theſe eyes appear,
I read the hiſtory of my ruin there,
My neceſſary ruine: Heaven, nor Hell
Can ſalve my ſores, by help of Prayer or Spell;

Gods

Gods are unjuſt; and if, with Charms, I haunt her,
Her eyes are Counter-charms,, to inchant th' enchanter:
Why do I thus exulcerare my diſeaſe?
By adding torments, hope I to finde eaſe?
Is not her cruelty enough, alone
But muſt I bring freſh torments of my own?
Chear up Demagoras: *'Tis a wiſe mans part*
Not to loſe all, if his unpractis'd art
Serves not to gain: A Gameſter may not chuſe
His chance: It is ſome conqueſt, not to loſe.
Look to thy ſelf: Let no injurious blaſt
Of cold deſpair chill thy green wounds too faſt
For time to cure: O, hope for no remiſſion
Of pain, till Cupid *ſend thee a Phyſitian.*
She is a Woman; if a Woman, then
My title's good: Women were made for men.
She is a Woman, though her heavenly brow
write Angel, *and may ſtoop, although not now.*
Women, by looks, will not be underſtood
Until their hearts adviſe with fleſh and blood.
She is a Woman, There's no reaſon why,
But ſhe (perchance) may burn as well as I.
Move then, Demagoras, *let* Parthenia *know*
The ſtrength of her own beauty, in thy wo:
Fear not, what thou ador'ſt; begin to move,
Chris-croſs foreruns the Alphabet *of love.*
Tis half-perfected, what is once begun;
'She is a Woman, and ſhe muſt be won.

Like as a Swain, whoſe hands have made a vow,
And ſworn alleageance to the peaceful Plow,
Preſt out for ſervice in the Martial Camp,
At firſt (unentred) findes a liveleſs damp,

Beleag'ring

Beleag'ring every joynt, as often ſwounds
As here he views his Sword, or thinks of wounds,
At length (not finding any means for flying,
Switcht and ſpur'd on with deſp'rate fear of dying)
He hews, he hacks, and in the midſt he goes,
And freſhly deals about his frantick blows;
Even ſo *Demagoras*, whoſe unbred faſhion
Had never yet ſubſcrib'd to loves ſweet paſſion,
Being call'd a Combatant to *Cupids* field,
Trembles, and ſecretly reſolves to yield
The day without a parley, till at length,
Fiercely tranſported by th'untutor'd ſtrength
Of his own paſſion, he himſelf aſſures,
That deſp'rate torments muſt have deſp'rate cures:
And thus to the divine *Partheniaes* ears
Applies his Speech, devoid of doubts and fears.

(1)

Faireſt of Creatures, if my ruder Tongue,
To right it ſelf, ſhould do your patience wrong,
And lawleſs paſſion makes it too too free,
O blame your heavenly beauty and not me:
It was thoſe eyes, thoſe precious eyes that firſt
Enforc'd my Tongue to ſpeak, or Heart to burſt:
From thoſe dear eyes I firſt receiv'd that wound,
Which ſeeks for cure, and cannot be made ſound,
But by the hand that ſtruck: To you alone,
I ſue for help, that elſe muſt hope for none:
Then crown my joys, thou Antidote *of deſpair,*
And be as merciful as thou art fair;

Nature,

(1)

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Nature, (the bounty of whoſe liberal hand
Made thee the Jewel of the Arcadian *Land)*
Intended in ſo rare a prize, to boaſt
Her maſter-piece: Hid Jewels are but loſt;
Shine then, and rob not Nature of her due,
But honor her, as ſhe hath honor'd you.
Let not the beſt of all her works lie dead
In the nice Casket of a Maidenhead:
What ſhe would have reveal'd, O do not ſmother,
Th'art made in vain, unleſs thou make another:
Give me thy heart, and for that gift of thine,
Leſt thou ſhouldſt want a heart, I'll give thee mine;
As richly fraught with love, and laſting duty,
As thou with Virtue, or thine eyes with beauty.
Why doſt thou frown? Why does that Heavenly brow,
Not made for wrinkles, ſhew a wrinkle now?
Send forth thy brighter Sun-ſhine, and the while,
O lend me but the twilight of a ſmile:
Give me one amorous glance; why ſtand'ſt thou mute?
Diſcloſe thoſe ruby Lips, and grant my ſuit:
Speak (love,) or if thy doubtful mind be bent
To ſilence, let that ſilence be conſent:
Nor beg I love of alms, although in part,
My words may ſeem t'emplead my own deſert.
Diſdain me not, although my thoughts deſcend
Below themſelves, t'enjoy ſo fair a friend.
I, that have oft with tears been ſought to, ſue;
And Queens have been his ſervants, that ſerves you?
The beauties of all Greece *have been at ſtrife*
To win the name of great Demagoras *wife,*
And been deſpi'ſd, not worthy to obtain
So high an honor; what they ſought (in vain)

I here preſent thee with, as thine own due,
It being an honor fit for none but you:
Speak then (my love) and let my Lips make known
That I am either thine, or not mine own.

Have you beheld when freſh *Aurora*'s eye
Sends forth her early beams, and by and by
Withdraws the glory of her face, and ſhrowds
Her cheeks behind a ruddy Maſk of Clouds,
Which, who believe in *Erra Pater* ſay,
Preſages wind, and bluſtry ſtorms that day.
Such were *Partheniaes* looks: In whoſe fair face
Roſes and Lillies, late had equal place,
But now, 'twixt Maiden baſhfulneſs, and ſpleen,
Roſes appear'd, and Lillies were not ſeen:
She paus'd a while, till at the laſt, ſhe breaks
Her long-kept angry ſilence, thus, and ſpeaks.

My Lord,
Had your ſtrong Oratory but the art,
To make me conſcious of ſo great deſert,
As you perſwade, I ſhould be bound in duty
To praiſe your Rhet'rick as you praiſe my beauty.
Or if the frailty of my judgment could
Flatter my thoughts ſo groſly, as to hold
Your words for currant, you might boldly dare
Count me as fooliſh, as you term me fair.
If you vie Courtſhip, Fortune knows that I
Have not ſo ſtrong a game, to ſee the vie:
Alas, my ſkill durſt never undertake
To play the game, where hearts be ſet at ſtake:
Words muſt the loſs be great, when ſuch have bin
Seldom obſerv'd to ſave themſelves that win:

You

You crave my Heart, my Lord, you crave withal,
Too great a miſchief: My poor heart's too ſmall
To fill the concave of ſo great a breſt,
Whoſe thoughts can ſcorn the amorous requeſt
Of love-ſick Queens, and can requite the vain,
And factious ſuits of Ladies with diſdain:
Stoop not ſo low beneath your Self (great Lord)
To love Parthenia: *Shall ſo poor a word*
Stain your fair lips, whoſe merits do proclaim
A more tranſcendent Fortune, than that name
Can give? Call down Jove's *winged Purſuivant,*
And give his tongue the power to inchant
Some eaſie Goddeſs in your name, and treat
A marriage fitting ſo ſublime, ſo great
A mind as yours, and fill the fruitful Earth
With Heroes, *ſprung from ſo divine a birth:*
Partheniaes *heart could never yet aſpire*
So high: Her home-bred thoughts durſt ne'r deſire
So fond an honor matcht with ſo great pride,
To hope for that, which Queens have been deny'd.
Be wiſe, my Lord; vouchſafe not to repeat
S'unfit a ſuit: Be wiſe as you are great:
Advance your noble thoughts, hazard no more
To wrack your fortunes on ſo fleet a ſhore,
That to the wiſer world, it may be known,
The leſs y' are mine, the more you are your own.

Like as a guilty priſoner, upon whom
Offended Juſtice lately paſt her doom,
Stands trembling by, and hopeleſs to prevail,
Bauls not for mercy: but to the loath'd Jail
Drags his ſad Irons, and from thence commends
A haſty ſuit to his ſelected friends,

That by the virtue of a quick Reprieve,
The wretch might have ſome few days more to live:
Even ſo *Demagoras*, whoſe rewounded heart
Had newly felt the unexpected ſmart
And ſecret burthen of a deſperate doom,
Replies not, takes no leave, but quits the room,
And in his diſcontented minde, revolves
Ten thouſand thoughts, and at the laſt reſolves
What courſe to run, relying on no other
But the aſſiſtance of *Partheniaes* Mother.
Forthwith his fierce miſguided paſſion drove
His wandring ſteps to the next neighboring grove,
A keen Steletto in his trembling hand
He rudely grip'd; upon his Lips did ſtand
A milk-white froth; his eyes like flames; ſometimes
He curſes Heaven; himſelf; and then the times;
Rails at the proud *Parthenia*; raves; deſpairs;
And from his head rends off his tangled hairs;
Curſes the womb that bare him; bans the Fates,
And drunk with Spleen, he thus deliberates:
Why dy'ſt thou not, Demagoras, *when as death*
Lends thee a weapon? Can the whining breath
Of diſcontents and paſſion, ſend relief
To thy diſtraction, or aſſwage thy grief?
Why mov'ſt thou not the gods? or, rather, why
Do'ſt not contemn, and ſcorn their power, and die?
But ſtay! Of whom doſt thou complain? A woman.
To whom (fond man) doſt thou complain? A woman.
And ſhall a womans frowns have power to grieve thee?
Or ſhall a womans wanton ſmile relieve thee?
Fie, fie, Demagoras; *ſhall a womans eye*
Prevail, to make the ſtout Demagoras *die,*

And

And leave to after times an entred name
Ith' Calender of fools? Rouze up for ſhame
Thy waſted ſpirits; whet thy ſpleen, and live
To be reveng'd: She, ſhe, that would not give
Admittance to thy proffer'd love, muſt drink
The potion of thy hate: Stir then the ſink
Of all thy paſſion; where thou canſt not gain
By fairer language, Tarquin *like conſtrain.*
But hold thy hand, Demagoras, *and adviſe;*
Art gives advantage oft where force denies:
Suſpend thy fury: Make Partheniaes *Mother*
The means: One Adamant will cut another:
Sweeten thy Lips with amorous Oratory;
Affect her tender heart with the ſad ſtory
Of thy dear love: Extol Partheniaes *beauty:*
But moſt of all, urge that deſerved duty
Thou ow'ſt her virtue, and make that the ground
Of thy firſt love, that gave thy heart the wound:
Mingle thy words with ſighs; and it is meet,
If thou canſt force a tear, to let her ſee't,
Againſt thy will. Let thy falſe tongue forbear
No vows, and though thou beeſt forſworn, yet ſwear:
If ere thy barren Lips ſhall chance to pauſe,
For want of words; Parthenia *is the cauſe,*
Who hath benum'd thy heart; if ere they go
Beyond their liſts, Parthenia *made them ſo:*
Withal, be ſure, when ere thou ſhalt advance
The daughters virtues, let the glory glance
Upon the prudent Mother: Women care not
To hear too much of virtue, if they ſhare not.
When thus thou haſt prepar'd her melting ear
To ſoft attention, cloſely, in the rear

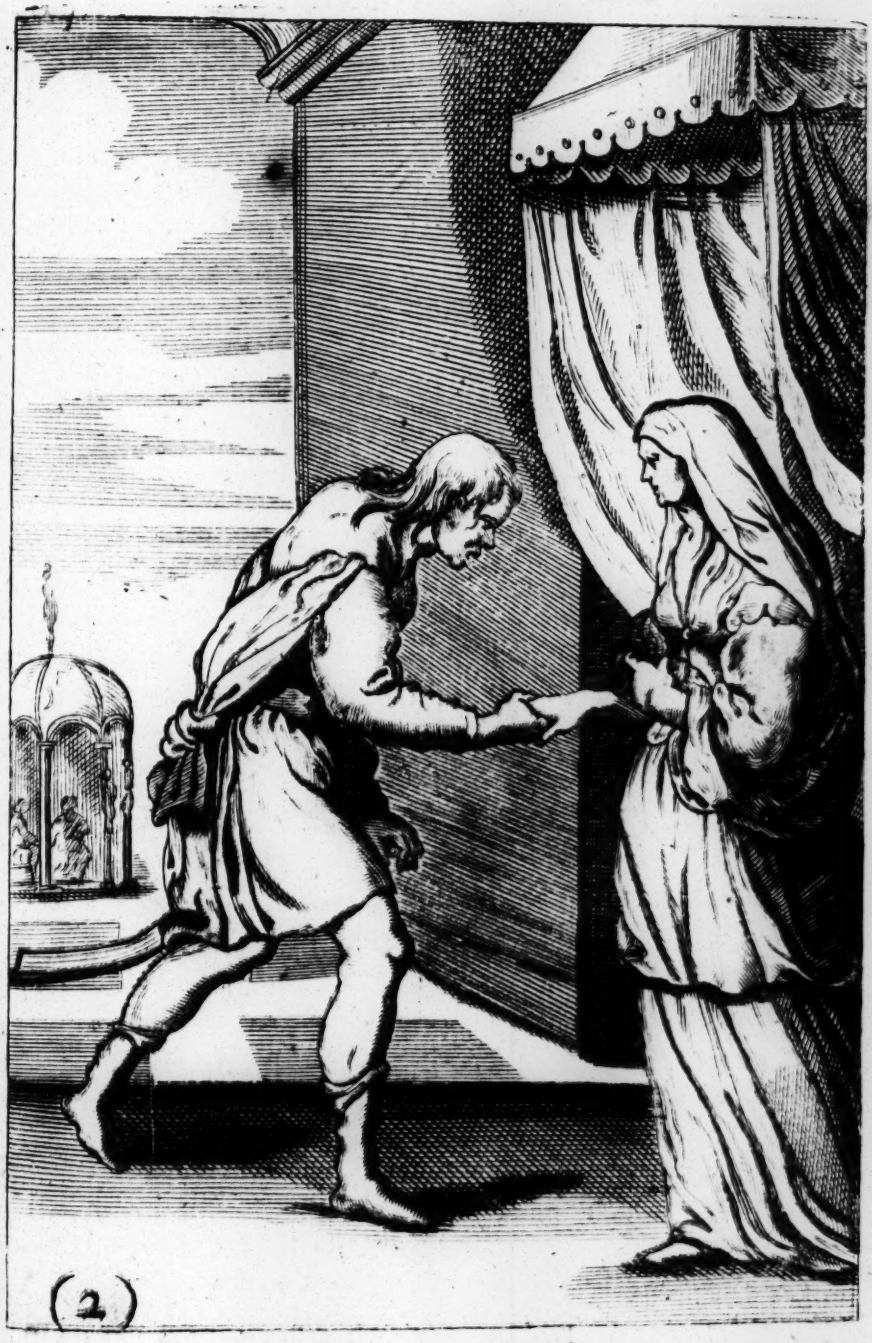
Of thy diſcourſe, prefer thy ſad Petition
That ſhe would pleaſe to favor the condition
Of a diſtreſſed lover, and afford
In thy behalf, a Mothers timely word;
So ſhalt thou wreak thy vengeance by a wile,
And make the Mother Baud to her own child.

He pauſed not; but like a raſh Projector
(Whoſe frantick Paſſion was ſupream Director)
Fixt his firſt thoughts, impatient of the ſecond,
Which might been bettered by advice, and reckon'd
All time but loſt, which he beſtowed not
On th'execution of his hopeful plot:
Forthwith his nimble paces he divided
Towards the Summer-Palace, where reſided
The fair *Partheniaes* Mother; boldly enters,
And after mutual complement adventers
To break the Ice of his diſſembled grief:
Thus he complains, and thus he begs relief.

(2)

Madam,
The hopeful thriving of my ſuit depends
Upon your goodneſs, and it recommends
It ſelf unto your favor, from whoſe hand
It muſt have ſentence, or to fall, or ſtand:
Thrice Three times hath the Sovereign of the night,
Repair'd her empty horns with borrowed light,
Since theſe ſad eyes, theſe beauty-blaſted eyes,
Were ſtricken by a light that did ariſe

From


(2)

BRITISH MUSEUM

From your bleſt womb, whoſe unaſſwaged ſmart
Hath pierc'd my Soul, and wounded my poor Heart:
It is the fair Parthenia, *whoſe divine*
And glorious virtue led theſe eyes of mine
To their own ruin: Like a wanton Flie,
I dallied with the flame of her bright eye,
Till I have burn'd my wings. O, if to love
Be held a ſin, the guilty gods above
(Being fellow-ſinners with us, and commit
The ſelf-ſame crimes) may eas'ly pardon it.
O thrice divine Parthenia, *that haſt got*
A ſacred priviledg which the Gods have not,
If thou haſt doom'd that I ſhall be bereaven
Of my loath'd life, yet let me die forgiven;
And welcome death that with one happy blow
Gives me more eaſe, than life could ever do.
Madam, to whom ſhould my ſad words appeal
But you? Alas to whom ſhould I reveal
My dying thoughts, but unto you that gave
Being to her, that hath the power to ſave
My waſted life; the language of a Mother
Moves more than tears, that trickle from another.
With that a well-diſſembled drop did ſlide
From his falſe eyes. The Lady thus reply'd;

My Honorable Lord,
If my untimely anſwer hath prevented
Some farther words, your paſſion would have vented,
Pardon my haſte: which in a ruder faſhion
Sought onely to divide you from your paſſion:
The love you bear Parthenia, *muſt claim*
The priviledge of mine ear, and in her name,

(*Though*

(Though from an abſent mind, as yet unknown)
Return I thanks with intereſt of mine own.
The little judgment, that the gods have lent
Her downy years (though in a ſmall extent)
Does challenge the whole freedom of her choice,
In the reſignment of a Mothers voice:
The ſprightly fancies of a Virgins mind
Enter themſelves, and hate to be confind:
The hidden Embers of a lovers fire
Deſire no bellows, but their own deſire;
And like to Dedalus *his Forge, if blown,*
Burns dim and dies; blazes, if let alone:
Lovers affect without adviſement, that
Which being moſt perſuaded to, they hate.
My Lord, adjourn your paſſion, and refer
The fortune of your ſuit to time, and her.
Like to a Pinace is a lovers mind,
The ſail his fancie is; a ſtorm of wind
His uncontrouled Paſſion; The Stears
His Reaſon; Rocks and Sands, are doubts and fears:
Your ſtorm being great, like a wiſe Pilot bear
But little Sail, and ſtoutly plie the Stear:
Leave then the violence of your thoughts to me,
My Lord, too haſty gameſters over ſee.
Go, move Parthenia; *and* Juno's *bleſſing*
Attend your hopeful ſuit, in the ſuppreſſing
Loves common evils; and if her warm deſire
Shew but a ſpark, leave me to blow the fire.
Go, loſe no time: Lovers muſt be laborious;
My Lord, go proſperous, and return victorious.

With that, *Demagoras*, (proſtrate on the ground,
As if his ears had heard that bleſſed ſound,

Where-

Wherewith the *Delphian* Oracle acquites
The accepted ſacrifice) performs the Rites
Of quick devotion, to that heavenly voice,
Which fed his Soul with the malignant joys
Of vow'd revenge, up from the floor he ſtarts,
Bleſſes the tongue that bleſt him, and departs.
By this time, had the Heaven-ſurrounding Steeds
Quell'd their proud courage, turn'd their fainting heads
Into the lower Hemiſphere, to cool
Their flaming Noſtrils in the Weſtern Pool,
When as the dainty and mollitious Air
Had bid the Lady of the Palace, ſhare
In her refined pleaſures, and invited
Her gentle ſtepts, fully to be delighted
In thoſe ſweet walks, where *Floras* liberal hand
Had given more freely, than to all the Land.
There walked ſhe; and in her various mind,
Projects and caſts about which way to find
The progreſs of the young *Partheniaes* heart;
Likes this way: Then a ſecond thought does thwart
The firſt; likes that way; then a third the ſecond:
One while ſhe likes the match, and then ſhe reckon'd
Demagoras virtues: Now her fear entices
Her thoughts to alter; then ſhe counts his vices:
Sometimes ſhe calls his vows and oaths to mind;
Another while, thinks oaths and words but wind.
She likes, diſlikes; her doubtful thoughts do vary:
Reſolves, and then reſolves the quite contrary.
One while ſhe fears that his malign aſpect
Will give the Virgin cauſe to diſaffect:
And then propounds to her ambitious thoughts
His wealth, the Golden cover of all faults:

And, from the *Chaos* of her doubt, digeſts
Her fears; creates a word of wealth; and reſts.
With that, ſhe ſtrait unfixt her faſtned eyes
From off the ground; and looking up, eſpies
The fair *Parthenia*, in a lonely bowre,
Spending the treaſure of an Evening hour:
There ſate ſhe, reading the ſweet ſad diſcourſes
Of *Cariclea*'s love; the entercourſes
Of whoſe mixt fortunes taught her tender heart
To feel the ſelf-ſame joy, the ſelf ſame ſmart:
She read, ſhe wept; and, as ſhe wept, ſhe ſmil'd,
As if her equal eyes had reconcil'd
Th' extreams of joy and grief: She clos'd the Book,
Then open'd it, and with a milder look,
She pities lovers; muſing then a while,
She teaches ſmiles to weep, and tears to ſmile:
At length, her broken thoughts ſhe thus diſcovers.
Vnconſtant ſtate of poor diſtreſſed lovers!
Is all extream in love? No mean at all?
No draughts indiff'rent? Either Honey or Gall?
Hath Cupids *univerſe no temp'rate Zone?*
Either a torrid, or a frozen one?
Alas, alas, poor Lovers! As ſhe ſpake
Thoſe words from her diſcloſed Lips, there brake
A gentle ſigh; and after that another
With that, ſteps in her unexpected Mother.
Have ye beheld, when *Titans* luſtful head
Hath newly div'd into the Sea-green Bed
Of *Thetis*, how the baſhful Horizon
(Enforc'd to ſee what ſhould be ſeen by none)
Looks red for ſhame, and bluſhes to diſcover
Th'inceſtuous pleaſures of the Heaven-born lover?

So

So look'd *Parthenia*, when the ſudden eye
Of her unwelcome Mother did deſcry
Her ſecret paſſion: The Mothers ſmile
Brought forth the Daughters bluſh, and level coyl.
They ſmil'd and bluſht; one ſmile begat another:
The Daughter bluſht, becauſe the jealous Mother
Smil'd on her; and the ſilent Mother ſmil'd
To ſee the conſcious bluſhing of her child:
At length grown great with words, ſhe did awake
Her forced ſilence, and ſhe thus beſpake.

Bluſh not, my faireſt Daughter; 'tis no ſhame
To pity lovers, or lament that flame,
Which worth and beauty kindles in the breſt;
'Tis charity to ſuccor the diſtreſt.
The diſpoſition of a generous heart
Mak's every grief her own; at leaſt, bears part.
What Marble, ah what Adamantine ear
E're heard the flames of Troy, *without a tear?*
Much more the ſcorching of a lovers fire,
(Whoſe deſperate fewel is his own deſire)
May boldly challenge every gentle heart
To be joynt-tenant in his ſecret ſmart.
Why doſt thou bluſh? why did thoſe pearly tears
Slide down? Fear not: This arbor hath no ears:
Here's none but we; ſpeak then: It is no ſhame
To ſhed a tear; thy Mother did the ſame:
Say, hath the winged wanton, with his dart,
Sent ere a meſſage to thy wounded heart?
Speak, in the name of Hymen, *I conjure thee:*
If ſo, I have a balſam ſhall recure thee,
I fear, I fear, the young Laconian *Lord*
Hath lately left ſome indigeſted word

In thy cold ſtomack; which, for want of art
I doubt, I doubt, lies heavy at thy heart.
If that be all, revealing brings relief;
Silence in love, but multiplies a grief;
Hid Sorrow's deſperate, not to be endur'd,
Which being but diſclos'd, is eas'ly cur'd:
Perchance thou lov'ſt Demagoras, *and wouldſt ſmother*
Thy cloſe affection from thy angry Mother,
And reap the dainty fruits of love unſeen:
I did the like, or thou hadſt never been.
Stoln goods are ſweeteſt. If it be thy mind
To love in ſecret, I will be as blind
As he that wounded thee; or if thou dare
Acquaint thy Mother, then a Mothers care
Shall be redoubled, till thy thoughts acquire
The ſweet fruition of thy choice deſire:
Thou lov'ſt Demagoras: *If thy Lips deny,*
Thy conſcious Heart muſt give thy Lips the lie:
And if thy liking countermand my will,
Thy puniſhment ſhall be to love him ſtill:
Then love him ſtill, and let his hopes inherit
The crown belonging to ſo fair a merit;
His thoughts are noble, and his fame appears
To ſpeak, at leaſt, an age above his years:
The blood of his increaſing honor ſprings
From the high ſtock of the Arcadian *Kings.*
The gods have bleſt him with a liberal hand,
Enricht him with the prime of all the Land:
Honor and wealth attend his Gates, and what
Can he command that he poſſeſſes not?
All which, and more, (if Mothers can divine)
The fortune of thy beauty hath made thine;

He

He is thy Captive, and thy conquering eies
Have took him priſoner; he ſubmits, and lies
At thy dear mercy, hoping ne'r to be
Ranſom'd from death, by any price, but thee.
Wrong not thy ſelf, in being too too nice,
And what (perchance) may not be profer'd twice,
Accept at firſt: It is a fooliſh mind
To be too coy: Occaſion's *bald behind.*
'Tis not the common work of every day
T'afford ſuch offers; take them while you may,
Times alter: Youth and Beauty are but blaſts,
Uſe then thy time, whilſt youth and beauty laſts:
For if that loath'd and infamous reproach
Of a ſtald Maid, but offer to incroach
Upon opinion, th'art in eſtimation,
Like garments kept till they be out of faſhion:
Thy worth, thy wit, thy virtues all muſt ſtand
Like goods at out-cries, priz'd at ſecond hand;
Reſolve thee then, t'enlarge thy Virgin-life
With th' honorable freedom of a Wife:
And let the fruits of that bleſt marriage be
A living pledge betwixt my child and me.

So ſaid, the fair *Parthenia* (in whoſe heart
Her ſtrong affection yet had got the ſtart
Of her obedience) makes a ſudden pauſe,
Strives with her thoughts; objects the binding laws
Of filial duty to her beſt affection,
Sometimes ſubmits unto her own election,
Sometimes unto her Mothers: thus divided
In her diſtracted fancy, ſometimes guided
By one deſire, and ſometimes by another,
She thus reply'd to her attentive Mother:

Madam,
Think not Parthenia, *under a pretence*
Of ſilence, ſtudies diſobedience:
Or by the crafty ſlowneſs of reply,
Borrows a quick advantage to deny:
It lies not in your power, to command
Beyond my will; unto your tender hand
I here ſurrender up that little All
You gave me, freely to diſpoſe withall:
The gods forbid, Parthenia *ſhould reſiſt*
What you command, command you what you liſt:
But pardon me, the young Laconian *Lord*
Hath made aſſault, but never yet could board
This heart of mine: I wept, I wept indeed,
But my miſconſtrued ſtreams did ne'r proceed
From Cupids *ſpring: This blubber'd Book makes known*
Whoſe griefs I wept; I wept not for mine own;
My lowly thoughts durſt never yet aſpire
The leaſt degree towards the proud deſire
Of ſo great honor, to be call'd his wife,
For whom ambitious Queens have been at ſtrife:
He ſu'd for love, and ſtrongly did importune
My heart, more pleaſed with a meaner fortune:
My breaſt was marble, and my heart forgot
All pitty, for indeed, I lov'd him not:
But Madam, you, to whoſe more wiſe directions
I bend the ſtouteſt of my raſh affections,
You have commanded, and your will ſhall be
The ſquare of my uneven deſires, and me:
I'le practiſe duty, and my deed ſhall ſhow it:
I'le practiſe love, though Cupid *never know it.*

When

When great *Baſilius* (he whoſe Princely hand
Nouriſht long peace in the *Arcadian* Land)
With triumph brought to his renounedCourt
His new eſpouſed Queen, was great reſort
Of Foreign States, and Princes, to behold
The truth, that unbeliev'd report hath told
Of fair *Gynecia*'s worth: Thither repair'd
The *Cyprian* Nobles, richly all prepar'd
In warlike furniture, and well addreſt,
With ſolemn Jouſts to glorifie the Feaſt
Of Marriage Royal, lately paſt between
Th'*Arcadian* King, and his thrice noble Queen,
The fair *Gynecia*, in whoſe face and breſt,
Nature, and curious art had done their beſt,
To ſum that rare perfection, which (in brief)
Tranſcends the power of a ſtrong belief:
Her Syre was the *Cyprian* King, whoſe fame
Receiv'd more honor from her honor'd name,
Than if he had with his victorious hand,
Unſceptred half the Princes in the Land:
To tell the glory of this Royal Feaſt,
The Bridegrooms ſtate, and how the Bride was dreſt;
The princely ſervice, and the rare delights;
The ſeveral names and worth of Lords and Knights;
The quaint *Impreſa*'s, their deviſeful ſhows;
Their Martial ſports, their oft redoubled blows;
The courage of this Lord, or that proud Horſe,
Who ran, who got the better, who the worſe,
's not my task; not lies it in my way,
To make relation of it: Heraulds may:
Yet fame and honor have ſelected one
From that illuſtrious crue; and him alone

Have recommended to my careful Quill,
Forbidding that his honor ſhould lie ſtill
Among the reſt, whom fortune and his ſpirit
That day, had crowned with a victor's merit:
His name was *Argalus*, in *Cyprus* born:
And (if what is not ours, may adorn
Our proper fortunes) his Blood Royal ſprings
From th'ancient ſtock of the great *Cyprian* Kings:
His out-ſide had enough to ſatisfie
The expectation of a curious eye:
Nature was too too prodigal of her beauty,
To make him half ſo fair, whom fame and duty
He ought to honor, call'd ſo often forth,
T'approve the excellence of his manly worth:
His mind, was richful furniſht with the treaſure
Of Moral knowledge, in ſo liberal meaſure,
Not to be proud: So valiant and ſo ſtrong
Of noble courage, not to dare a wrong:
Friendly to all men, inward but with few;
Faſt to his old friends, and unapt for new:
Lord of his word, and maſter of his paſſion,
Serious in buſineſs, choice in recreation:
Not too miſtruſtful, and yet wiſely wary;
Hard to reſolve, and then as hard to vary:
And to conclude, the world could hardly find
So rare a body with ſo rare a mind.

Thrice

BRITISH MUSEUM

(3)

(3)

Thrice had the bright ſurveyer of the Heaven
Divided out the days and nights by even
And equal hours, ſince this child of fame
(Invited by the glory of her name,)
Firſt view'd *Parthenias* face, whoſe mutual eye
Shot equal flames, and with the ſecret tye
Of undiſclos'd affection, joyn'd together
Their yielding hearts, their loves unknown to either:
Both dearly lov'd; the more they ſtrove to hide
Their love, affection they the more deſcry'd.
It lies beyond the power of art to ſmother
Affection, where one virtue findes another.
One was their thoughts, and their deſires one,
And yet both lov'd, unknown; belov'd, unknown:
One was the Dart, that at the ſelf-ſame time
Was ſent, that wounded her, that wounded him,
Both hop'd, both fear'd alike, both joy'd, both griev'd;
Yet, where they both could help, was none reliev'd:
Two lov'd, and two beloved were, yet none
But two in all, and yet that *all* but one,
By this time had their barren Lips betray'd
Their timorous ſilence; now they had diſplay'd
Loves ſanguine colours, whilſt the winged Child
Sate in a Tree, and clapt his hands, and ſmil'd
To ſee the combat of two wounded friends.
He ſtrikes and wounds himſelf, while ſhe defends
That would be wounded, for her pain proceeds,
And flows from his, and from his wound ſhe bleeds;

She plays at him, and aiming at his breſt,
Pierc'd her own heart: And when his hand addreſt
The blow to her fair boſom, there it found
His own dear heart, and gave that heart the wound:
At length both conquer'd, and yet both did yield,
Both loſt the day, and yet both won the field:
And as the warfare of their tongues did ceaſe,
Their Lips gave earneſt of a joyful peace.

But O the hideous chances that attend
A lovers progreſs to his journies end!
How many deſp'rate rubs, and dangers wait
Each minute on his miſerable ſtate!
His hopes do build, what ſtraight his fears deſtroy:
Sometimes he ſurfeits with exceſs of joy:
Sometimes deſpairing ere to find relief,
He roars beneath the tyranny of grief;
And when loves current runs with greateſt force,
Some obvious miſchief ſtill diſturbs the courſe:
For lo, no ſooner the diſcovered flame
Of theſe new parted lovers did proclaim
Loves ſacred Jubilee; but the Virgin Mother
(The poſture of whoſe viſage did diſcover
Some ſerious matter, harb'ring in her breſt)
Enters the room: Half angry, half in jeſt,
She thus began: *My deareſt child, this night,*
when as the ſilent darkneſs did invite

Mine

BRITISH MUSEUM

4

(4)

Mine eyes to ſlumber, ſundry thoughts poſſeſt
My troubled mind, and robb'd me of my reſt;
I ſlept not, till the early Bugle-horn
Of Chaunticlere *had ſummon'd in the morn*
T' attend the light, and nurſe the new born Day.
At laſt, when Morpheus, *with his Leaden Key*
Had lock'd my ſenſes, and inlarg'd the power
Of my Heav'n-guided fancy, for an hour
I ſlumbred; and before my ſlumbring eyes,
One, and the ſelf ſame dream preſented thrice;
I wak'd; and being frighted at the Viſion,
Perceiv'd the gods had made an Apparition.
My dream was this: Me thought I ſaw thee ſitting
Dreſt like a Princely Bride, with Robes befitting
The State of Majeſty; thy Nymph-like Hair
Looſly diſhevel'd, and thy Brows did bear
A Cypreſs wreath; *and (thrice three moneths expir'd)*
Thy pregnant Womb grew heavy, and requir'd
Lucina's *aid; with that me thought I ſaw*
A team of harneſt Peacocks fiercely draw
A fiery Chariot from the fliting skie,
Wherein there ſat the glorious Majeſty
Of great Saturnia, *on whoſe train attended*
A hoſt of goddeſſes; Juno *deſcended*
From out the flaming Chariot, and bleſt
Thy painful womb; Thy pains a while increaſt,
At length ſhe laid her gentle palms upon
Thy fruitful flank, and there was born a ſon.

She

She made thee Mother of a ſmiling Boy,
And after, bleſt thee with a Mothers joy,
She kiſt the Babe, whoſe fortune ſhe foretold;
For on his head ſhe ſet a crown of gold;
Forthwith, as if the Heavens had cloven inſunder,
Methought I heard the horrid noiſe of thunder:
The hail ſtorm'd down, and yet the skie was clear,
Some Hailſtones that deſcended did appear,
As Orient Pearls, ſome like refined Gold,
Whereat the goddeſs turn'd, and ſaid, Behold,
Great Jove hath ſent a gift; go forth, and take't:
Thus having ſpoke, ſhe vaniſht, and I wak'd:
I wak'd, and waking trembled; for I knew
They were no idle paſſages, that grew
From my diſtempered thoughts: 'twas not a vain
Deluſion roving from a troubled brain.
It was a viſion, and the gods foreſpake
Partheniaes *fortune? Gods cannot miſtake.*
I lik'd the dream, wherein the Heavens foretold
Thy joyful Marriage, and the ſhower of Gold
Betokened wealth: The Infants Golden Crown,
Enſuing honor: Juno's *coming down,*
A ſafe deliverance; and the ſmiling Boy
Sum'd up the total of a Mothers joy:
But what the wreath Of Cypreſs *(that was ſet*
Upon thy nuptial Brows) preſag'd, as yet
The gods keep from me: If that ſecret do
Portend and evil, Heav'n keep it from thee too.
Adviſe Parthenia: *Seek not to withſtand*
The plot wherein the gods vouchſafe a hand:
Submit thy will to theirs; what they injoyn,
Muſt be; nor lies it in my power, or thine

To contradict: Endeavor to fulfil
What else must come to pass against thy will:
Now by the filial duty thou doest bear
The gods and me, or if ought else more dear
Can force obedience; as thou hop'st to speed
At the gods hands, in greatest time of need;
By Heaven, by Hell, by all the powers above,
I here conjure Parthenia *to remove*
All fond conceits, that labor to disjoyn
What, Heaven hath knit, Demagoras *heart and thine;*
The gods are faithful; and their wisdoms know
What's better for us mortals, than we do:
Doubt not (my child) the gods cannot deceive,
What Heaven does offer, fear not to receive
With thankful hands; pass not so slightly over
The dear affection of so true a lover:
Pity his flames, relieve his tortur'd breast,
That findes abroad no joy, at home no rest:
But, like a wounded Hart before the Hounds,
That flies with Cupid's *javelin in his wounds:*
Stir up thy rak'd up embers of desire;
The gods will bring in fewel and blow the fire;
Be gentle; let thy cordial smiles revive
His wasted spirits, that onely cares to live
To do thee honor: It was Cupid's *will,*
The Dart *he sent, should onely wound, not kill;*
Yield then: and let the engag'd gods pour down
Their promis'd blessings on thy head, and crown
Thy youth with joys; and maist thou after be
As blest in thine, as I am blest in thee.

So said; the fair *Parthenia*, to whose heart
Her fixt desires had taught th'unwilling Art

Of

Of diſobedience, calls her judgment in,
And, of two evils, determines it a ſin
More venial, by a reſolute denial,
To prove undutiful, than be diſloyal
To him, whoſe heart a ſacred Vow had tied
So faſt to hers; and (weeping) thus replied.

Madam,
The angry gods have late conſpir'd to ſhow
The utmoſt their inraged hands could do,
And having laid aſide all mercy, ſtretch
Their power, to make one miſerable wretch,
Whoſe curſt and tortur'd ſoul muſt onely be
The ſubject of their wrath; and I am ſhe.
Hard is the caſe! My dear deſires muſt fail,
My vows muſt crack, my plighted faith be frail;
Or elſe affection muſt be ſo exil'd
A Mothers heart, that ſhe renounce her child.
And as ſhe ſpake that word, a flowing tide
Of tears guſht out, whoſe violence deny'd
Th' intended paſſage of her doubling tongue;
She ſtopt a while, then on the floor ſhe flung
Her proſtrate body, while her hands did tear
(Not knowing what they did) her dainty hair:
Sometimes ſhe ſtruck the ground, ſometimes her breſt;
Began ſome words, and then wept out the reſt:
At laſt, her liveleſs hands did, by degrees,
Raiſe her caſt body on her feeble knees,
And humbly rearing her ſad eyes upon
Her Mothers frowning viſage, thus went on.
Upon theſe knees, theſe knees that ne'r were bent,
To you in vain; that never did preſent

Their

Their unrewarded duty: never roſe
Without a Mothers bleſſing; upon thoſe,
Upon thoſe naked knees I recommend
To your dear thoughts, thoſe torments that attend
Your poor Parthenia, *whoſe unknown diſtreſs*
Craves rather death, than language to expreſs.
What ſhall I do? Demagoras *and death*
Sound both alike to theſe ſad ears; that breath
That names the one, does nominate the other:
No, no, I cannot love him, my dear Mother.
Command Parthenia *now to undergo*
What death you pleaſe, and theſe quick hands ſhall ſhow
The ſeal of my obedience in my heart:
The gods themſelves, that have a ſecret art
To force affection, cannot violate
The Law of Nature, nor the courſe of Fate.
Can Earth forget her burthen, and aſcend?
Or can th'aſpiring flames be taught to tend
To the Earth? If fire deſcend, and Earth aſpire,
Earth were no longer Earth, nor Fire, Fire:
Even ſo, by Nature, 'tis all one to me,
To love Demagoras *and not to be:*
No, no, the Heavens can do no act that's greater,
Than (having made ſo) to preſerve their creature:
And think you that the righteous Gods will fill me
With ſuch falſe joys, as (if injoy'd) would kill me?
I know that they are merciful, what they
Command, they give a power to obey:
The joyful Viſion that your ſlumbring eyes
Of late beheld, did promiſe and compriſe
A fairer fortune, than the Heavens can ſhare
The poor Parthenias *merit; whom deſpair*

Hath

Hath ſwallow'd: Your prophetick dream deſcry'd
A Royal Marriage; pointed out the Bride:
Her ſafe deliverance; and her ſmiling ſon;
Honor and wealth; and after all was done,
There wants a Bridegroom: Him, th' Heavens have ſeal'd
Within my Breſt, by me, to be reveal'd;
Which if your patience ſhall vouchſafe to hear,
My Lips ſhall recommend unto your ear.
When as Baſilius *(may whoſe royal hand*
Long ſway the Scepter of th' Arcadian *Land)*
From Cyprus *brought his more than Princely Bride,*
The fair Gynecia, *(whom as* Greece *deny'd*
An equal; ſo the world acknowledg'd none
As her ſuperior in perfection:)
Upon this Ladies royal train, and ſtate
A great concourſe of Nobles did await,
And Cyprian *Princes, with their Princely port,*
To ſee her crown'd in the Arcadian *Court:*
Illuſtrious Princes were they; but, as far
As midnight Phœbe *out-ſhines a twinkling ſtar;*
So far, amongſt this rout of Princes, one
Surpaſt the reſt, in honor and renown:
Whoſe perfect virtue findes more admiration
In the Arcadian *Court, than imitation:*
In th' ex'llence of his outward parts, and feature,
The world conceives, the curious hand of Nature
Out-went it ſelf; which being richly fraught
And furniſht with tranſcendent worth, is thought
To be the choſen fortreſs for protection
Of all the Arts, and ſtore-houſe of Perfection:
The Cyprus *ſtock did ne'r, till now, bring forth*
So rare a Branch, whoſe undervalued worth

Brings

Brings greater glory to the Arcadian *Land,*
Than can the dull Arcadians *underſtand:*
His name is Argalus:
He (Madam) was that Cypreſs *wreath, that crown'd*
My nuptial brows: And now the Bridegroom's found,
Cloath'd in the myſt'ry of that Cypreſs wreath;
which, ſince the better gods have pleaſ'd to breath
Into my ſoul, O may I ceaſe to bee
If ought but death part Argalus *and me:*
Yet does my ſafe obedience not withſtand
What you deſire, or what the gods command:
For what the gods command is your deſire
Parthenia *ſhould obey, and not reſpire*
Againſt their ſacred counſels, or withſtand
The plot, wherein they have vouchſaf'd a hand:
We muſt ſubmit our wills; what they enjoyn
Muſt be; nor lies it in your power or mine,
To croſs: We muſt endeavor to fulfil
What elſe muſt come to paſs againſt our will;
My vows are paſt, and ſecond Heavens decree,
Nothing ſhall part my Argalus *and me.*
So ſaid; th'impatient Mothers kindled eye
(Half cloſed with a murtherous frown) let flie
A ſcorching Fire-ball, from whence was ſhed
Some drops of choler; ſternly ſhakes her head;
With trembling hands unlocks the door, and flees,
Leaving *Parthenia* on her aking knees:
And as ſhe fled, her fury thus began
To open, *And is* Argalus *the man?*
But there ſhe ſtops, and ſtriving to expreſs
What rage had prompted, could do nothing leſs.

All you whoſe dear affections have been toſt
In Cupid's *Blanket, and unjuſtly croſt*
By wilful Parents, whoſe extream command
Hath made you groan beneath their tyrannous hand,
That take a furious pleaſure to divorce
Your ſouls from your beſt thoughts, (nay, what is worſe
Than torture) force your fancies to reſpect,
And dearly love, whom moſt you diſaffect ;
Draw near, and comfort the diſtreſſed heart
Of poor Parthenia ; *let your eyes impart*
One drop at leaſt : And whoſo'er thou be
That read'ſt theſe Lines, may thy deſires ſee
The like ſucceſs, if reading, thou forbear,
To wet this very Paper with a tear.

Behold (poor Lady) how an hours time
Hath pluck'd her faded Roſes from their prime,
Who like an unregarded ruine, lies,
With deaths untimely image in her eyes :
She, ſhe, whom hopeful thoughts had newly crown'd
With promis'd joys, lies grov'ling on the ground ;
Her weary hand ſuſtains her drooping head ;
(*Too ſoft a Pillow for ſo hard a Bed*)
Her eyes ſwoln up, as loth to ſee the light,
That would diſcover ſo forlorn a ſight :
The flaxen wreath of her neglected hairs
Stick faſt to her pale Cheeks with dried tears ;
And at firſt bluſh, ſhe ſeems, as if it were
Some curious ſtatue on a Sepulchre :
Sometimes her briny Lips would whiſper thus,
My Argalus, My deareſt Argalus :
And then they clos'd again, as if the one
Had kiſt the other, for that ſervice done,

In

In naming *Argalus*: Sometimes oppreſt
With a deep ſigh, ſhe gave her fainting breſt
A ſudden ſtroke; and after that another,
Crying, *Hard fortune, O hard-hearted mother!*
And ſick with her own thoughts, her paſſion ſtrove
Betwixt the two extreams of grief and love:
The more ſhe griev'd, the more her love abounded:
The more ſhe lov'd, the more her heart was wounded
With deſp'rate grief: at length, the tyrannous force
Of love and grief, ſent forth this ſelf diſcourſe.
How art thou chang'd (Parthenia) *how hath paſſion*
Put all thy thoughts and ſenſes out of faſhion?
Exil'd thy little judgement, and betray'd thee
To thine own ſelf? How nothing hath it made thee
How is thy weather-beaten ſoul oppreſt
With ſtorms and tempeſts blown from the North-eaſt
Of cold deſpair? which, long ere this, had found
Eternal reſt; had been o'erwhelm'd and drown'd
In the deep gulf of all my miſeries,
Had I not pumpt this water from mine eyes;
My Argalus; *O where, O where art thou?*
Thou little think'ſt thy poor Parthenia *now*
Is tortur'd for thy ſake; alas, (dear heart!)
Thou knoweſt not th'unſufferable ſmart
I undergo for thee: Thou doſt not keep
A Regiſter of thoſe ſad tears I weep,
No, no, thou doſt not.
Well, well; from henceforth, Fortune, *do not ſpare*
To do the worſt thy active miſchief dare;
Deviſe new torments, or repeat the old,
Until thou burſt, or I complain: Behold,
As bitter; I diſdain thy rage, thy power;

Who's level'd with the Earth, can fall no lower;
Do; ſpit thy venome forth, and temper all
Thy ſtudied actions with the ſpirit of gall:
Thy practis'd malice can no charm deviſe
Too ſure for Argalus *to exerciſe:*
His love ſhall ſweeten death, and make torture
My ſportful paſtime, to make hours ſhorter:
His love ſhall fill my heart, and leave no room
Wherein your rage may practiſe Martyrdom.
But ere that word could uſher out another,
The tender Virgins marble-hearted mother,
Enters the Chamber; with a chang'd aſpect
Beholds *Parthenia*; with a new reſpect
Salutes her child, and (having clos'd the door)
Her helpful arm removes her from the floor
Whereon ſhe lay, and being ſet together,
In gentle terms, ſhe thus did commune with her:

Perverſe Parthenia, *is thy heart ſo ſworn*
To Argalus *his love, that it muſt ſcorn*
Demag'ras? *are your ſouls enjoyn'd ſo cloſe,*
That my entreaty may not interpoſe?
If ſo, what help? yet let a Mothers care
Be not contemn'd, that bids her child beware.
The Sickle that's too early, cannot reap
A fruitful Harveſt; look before you leap.
Adjourn your thoughts, and make a wiſe delay,
You cannot meaſure Virtue in a day;
Virtues appear, but Vices balk the light;
'Tis hard to read a vice at the firſt ſight.
Falſe are thoſe joys that are not mixt with doubt,
Fire eaſily kindled, will not eaſily out:

Divide

Divide that love, which thou beſtow'd on one,
Twixt two; try both, then take the beſt or none;
Conſult with time; for time bewrays, diſcovers:
The faith, the love, the conſtancy of lovers.
Acts done in haſt, by leiſure are repented,
And things, ſoon paſt, are oft too late lamented.
With that *Parthenia* riſing from her place,
And bowing with incomparable grace,
Made this reply: *Madam, each ſeveral day*
Since firſt you gave this body being, may
Write a large volume of your tender care,
Whoſe hourly goodneſs, if it ſhould compare
With my deſerts, alas, the world would ſhow
Too great a ſum for one poor heart to owe.
I muſt confeſs my heart is not ſo ſworn
To Argalus *his merit, as to ſcorn*
Demagoras; *nor yet ſo looſly tide,*
That I can ſlip the knot, and ſo divide
Entire affection, which muſt not be ſever'd,
Nor ever can't e (but in vain) endeavor'd:
My heart is one, and by one power guided:
One is no number, cannot be divided:
And Cupid's *learned Schoolmen have reſolv'd,*
That love divided, is but love diſſolv'd:
But yet, what plighted faith and honor may
Not newundo, your counſel ſhall delay.
Madam, Partheniaes *hand is not ſo greedy,*
To reap her corn, before her corn be ready:
Her unadviſed ſickle ſhall not thruſt
Into her hopeful Harveſt, ere needs muſt:
To yours, Parthenia *ſhall ſubmit her skill,*
Whoſe ſeaſon ſhall be ſeaſon'd by your will:

Her time of Harveſt ſhall admit no meaſure,
But onely what's proportioned by your pleaſure.
So ended ſhe; but till that darkneſs got
The maſt'ry of the light, they parted not:
The Mother pleads for the *Laconian* Lord;
The daughter (whoſe impatience had abhorr'd
His very name, had not her Mother ſpok't)
She pleads her vow, which cannot be revok't:
Yet ſtill the Mother pleads, and does omit
No way untry'd, that a hard-hearted wit
Knows to deviſe: perſwades, allures, intreats,
Mingles her words with ſmiles, with tears, with threats;
Commands, conjures, tries one way, tries another,
Does th' utmoſt that a marble-breſted Mother
Can do; and yet the more ſhe did apply,
The more ſhe taught *Parthenia* to deny;
The more ſhe did aſſault, the more contend,
The more ſhe taught the Virgin to defend:
At laſt, deſpairing (for her words did find
More hopes to move a Mountain than her mind)
She ſpake no more: but from her chair ſhe ſtarted,
And ſpit theſe words, *Go peeviſh Girl*, and parted:
Away ſhe flings, and finding no ſucceſs
In her laſt words, her fury did addreſs
Her raging thoughts to a new ſtudied plot:
Actions muſt now enforce, what words could not.
Treaſon is in her thoughts: her furious breath
Can whiſper now no language under death;
Poor *Argalus* muſt die, and his remove
Muſt make the paſſage to *Demagoras* love:
And till that bar be broken, or put by,
No hope to ſpeed: Poor *Argalus* muſt die.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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Demagoras is call'd to counſel now,
Conſults, conſents, and after mutual vow,
Reſolving on the act, they both conſpire
Which way to execute their cloſe deſire:
Drawing his keen *Steletto* from his ſide,
Madam (ſaid he) *this medicine well apply'd*
To Argalus *his boſom, will give reſt*
To him and me: the ſudden way is beſt.
My Lord: your trembling hand (ſaid ſhe) *may miſs*
The mark, and then your ſelf in danger is
Of out-cry; or perchance his own reſiſtance:
Attempts are dangerous, at ſo ſmall a diſtance:
A Drug's *the better weapon, which does breath*
Deaths ſecret errand, carries ſudden death
Clos'd up in ſweetneſs: Come, a Drug *ſtrikes ſure,*
And works our ends, and yet we ſleep ſecure:
My Lord, bethink no other: ſet your reſt
Upon theſe Cards: *the ſureſt way it beſt:*
Leave me to manage our ſucceſsful Plot,
And if theſe ſtudious brows contrive it not
Too ſure for art of Magick *to prevent,*
Ne'r truſt a womans wit when fully bent
To take revenge: Be gone, my Lord, Repoſe
The truſt in me: Onely be wiſe, be cloſe.
That night, when as the univerſal ſhade
Of the unſpangled Heaven and Earth, had made
An utter darkneſs; (darkneſs apt to further
The horrid enterpriſe of rapes and murther)

She,

She, she, that now lacks nothing to procure
A full revenge, she calls *Athleia* to her,
(*Partheniaes* handmaid) whom she thus bespake:
Athleia, *dare thy private thoughts partake*
With mine? Canst thou be secret? Has thy heart
A lock, that none can pick by theevish art,
Or break by force? tell me, canst thou digest
A secret, trusted to thy faithful Breast?
Madam (said she) *Let me never be true*
To my own thoughts, if ever false to you:
Speak what you please; Athleia *shall conceal;*
Torments may make me roar, but ne'r reveal.
Reply'd the Lady then: Athleia *knows*
How much, how much my dear affection ows
Partheniaes *heart, whose welfare is the crown*
Of all my joys, which now is overthrown,
And deeply buried in forgotten dust,
If thou betray the secret of my trust;
It lieth in thy power to remove
Approaching evils: Parthenia *is in love:*
Her wasted spirits languish in her breast
And nought, but look'd for death, can give her rest:
'Tis Argalus *she loves; who with disdain*
Requites her love, not loving her again;
He slights her tears; the more that he neglects:
The more entirely she (poor soul) affects.
She groans beneath the burthen of despair,
And with her sighs she cloys the idle air:
Thou art acquainted with her private fears,
And you, so oft exchanging tongues and tears,
Must know too much, for one poor heart t' endure;
But desperate's the wound admits no cure:

It

It lies in thee to help: Athleia *ſay,*
Wilt thou aſſiſt me, if I find the way?
Madam, my forced ignorance ſhall be
Sufficient earneſt for my ſecrecy:
Your Lips have utter'd nothing that is new
To Athleia's *ears; alas, it is too true:*
Long, long ere this, your ſervant had reveal'd
The ſame to you, had not theſe Lips been ſeal'd:
But if my beſt endeavors may extend
To bring my Ladies ſorrows to an end,
Let all th' enraged Deities allot
To me worſe torment, if I do it not:
My life's too poor to hazard for her eaſe;
Madam, I'll do't, Command me what you pleaſe.
So ſaid: the treacherous Lady ſtept aſide,
Into her ſerious cloſet; and appli'd
Her haſty, and perfidious hands, to frame
This forged Letter, in *Partheniaes* name.

To her faithful *Argalus.*

Although the malice of a Mother
Does yet enforce my tongue to ſmother
What my deſire is ſhould flame;
Yet Parthenia's *the ſame.*

Although my fire be hid a while,
'Tis but fire ſlak'd with oyl:
Before ſeven Suns ſhall riſe and fall,
It ſhall burn, and blaze withal.

What

What I ſend thee, drink with ſpeed.
Elſe let my Argalus *take heed:*
Unleſs thy providence withſtand,
There is treaſon near at hand:
Drink as thou lov'ſt me, and it ſhall ſecure thee
From future dangers, or from paſt, recure thee.

Thy conſtant *Parthenia.*

This done, and ſeal'd, ſhe op'd her private door,
Call'd in *Athleia*, and ſaid, *For every ſore*
The gods provide a ſalve; force muſt prevail,
Where ſighs and tears, and deep entreaties fail.

A

Forthwith

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Forthwith, from out her Cabinet ſhe took
A little glaſs, and ſaid, Athleia; *look,*
Within theſe ſlender walls, theſe glazed liſts,
Partheniaes *happineſs, and life conſiſts:*
It is Nepenthe; *which the factious Gods*
Do uſe to drink, when ere they be at ods;
Whoſe ſecret virtue (ſo infus'd by Jove)
Does turn deep hatred, into deareſt love;
It makes the proudeſt lover whine and baul,
And ſuch to dote, as never lov'd at all:
Here, take this glaſs, and recommend the ſame
To Argalus *in his* Partheniaes *name,*
And to his hand, to his own hand commit
This Letter; between Argalus *and it*
Let no Eye come: Be ſure thy ſpeed prevent
The riſing Sun; and ſo heavens crown th'event.
By this, the feather'd *Belman* of the night
Sent forth his midnight ſummons, to invite
All eyes to ſlumber: when they both addreſt
Their thoughtful mindes, to take a doubtful reſt.
O Heavens, and you, O you celeſtial powers,
That never ſlumber, but imploy all hours
In mans protection; ſtill preſerving, keeping
Our ſouls from obvious dangers, waking, ſleeping.
O, can your all diſcerning eyes behold
Such impious actions proſper uncontroul'd?
O can your hearts, your tender hearts endure
To ſee your ſervant (that now ſleeps ſecure,

Unarm'd,

Unarm'd, unwarn'd, and having no defence,
But your protection, and his innocence)
Betray'd and murther'd, drawing at one breath
His own prepar'd deſtruction, his own death:
And will ye ſuffer't: he that is the crown
Of prized virtue, honor and renown;
The flower of Arts; the Cyprian *living ſtory:*
Arcadia's *Garland, and great* Greece's *glory;*
The Earths new wonder, and the Worlds example,
Muſt die betray'd; Treaſon and Death muſt trample
Upon his life; and in the duſt muſt lie
As much admir'd perfection, as can die.
No, Argalus, *the coward hand of death,*
Durſt ne'r aſſault thee, if not underneath
The maſk of love: Thou art above the reach
Of open wrongs; mans force could ne'r make breach
Into thy life: No, Death could ne'r uncaſe
Thy ſoul, had ſhe appeared face to face.
Dream, Argalus, *and let thy thoughts be troubled*
With murthers, treaſons, let thy dreams be doubled:
And what thy frighted fancy ſhall perceive,
Be wiſely ſuperſtitious, and believe.
O, that my lines could wake thee now, and ſever
Thoſe eye-lids, that ere long muſt ſleep for ever:
Wake now or never Argalus, *and withſtand*
Thy danger: Wake, the Murtheresſ is at hand:
Parthenia, *O* Parthenia, *who ſhall weep*
Thy world of tears? Canſt thou, O canſt thou ſleep?
Will thy dull Genius give thee leave to ſlumber?
Does nothing trouble thee? no dream incumber
Thy frighted thoughts, and Argalus *ſo near*
His lateſt hour: Not one dreaming tear?

Sleep

Sleep on: and when thy flattering ſlumber's paſt,
Perchance, thine eyes will learn to weep as faſt:
His death is plotted; and this morning light
Muſt ſend him down, into eternal night:
Nay, what is worſe than worſt; his dying breath
Will cenſure thee, as Agent to his death.

By this, the broad-fac'd *Quiriſter* of night
Surceas'd her ſcreeching note, and took her flight
To the next neighboring Ivy: Birds and Beaſts
Forſake the warm protection of their Neſts,
And nightly Dens, whilſt darkneſs did diſplay
Her ſable Curtains to let in the day;
When ſad *Athleia*'s dream had unbenighted
Her ſlumbring eies, her buſie thoughts were frighted;
She roſe, and trembled; and being half diſtraught
With her prophetick fears, ſhe thus bethought
what ails the gods thus to diſturb my reſt,
And make ſuch Earth-quakes in my troubled breſt?
Nothing but death, and murthers? Graves and Bells,
Frightning my fancy, with their hourly Knels?
'Twas nothing but a dream; and dreams, they ſay,
Expound themſelves the clean contrary way:
The Riddle's read; and now I underſtand
My dreams intent: Some marriage is at hand:
For Death interpreted is nothing elſe
But Marriage; and the melancholly Bells
Is mirth and muſick: By the Grave, it read
The joyful, joyful, joyful marriage bed:
I, it is plain: and now, methinks, 'twas I
That my prophetick dream foretold ſhould die.
If this be death, Death *exerciſe thy power,*
And let Athleia *die within this hour:*

Do, do thy worſt, Athleia's *faithful breath*
Shall pray for nothing more than ſudden death.
But ſtay, Athleia, *the too forward day*
Begins to gild the Eaſt; away, away.
So having ſaid, the nimble-fingered Laſs
Took the forg'd Letter, and the amorous glaſs:
And to her early progreſs ſhe applies her:
Departs, and towards *Argalus* ſhe hies her;
But every ſtep ſhe took, her mind enforc'd
New thoughts, and with her ſelf ſhe thus diſcours'd:
How frail's the nature of a womans will!
How croſs! The thing that's moſt forbidden, ſtill
They more deſire; and leaſt inclin'd to do,
What they are moſt of all perſwaded to:
Had not (alas) my Lady bound theſe hands,
Athleia *ne'r had ſtrugled with her bands:*
I muſt not taſte it! Had ſhe not injoyn'd
My lips from taſting it, Athleia's *mind*
Had never thought on't; now methinks I long;
Deſires, if once confin'd, become too ſtrong
For womans conquer'd reaſon to reſiſt:
A womans reaſon's meaſur'd by her liſt.
I long to taſte; yet was there nothing did
Move my deſire, but that I was forbid.

With

BRITISH MUSEUM

(7)

(7)

With that ſhe ſtaid her weary ſteps, and haſted
T' unty the glaſs; lift up her arm, and taſted:
That done (and having now attain'd, almoſt,
Her journeys end) the little time ſhe loſt,
New ſpeed regains: The nimble ground ſhe traces
With double haſt, and quick redoubled paces,
All on a ſudden ſhe begins to faint:
Her bowels gripe, her breath begins to taint:
Her bliſtred tongue grows hot, her liver glows:
Her veins do boil, her colour comes and goes,
She ſtaggers, falls, and on the ground ſhe lies:
Swells like a bladder, roars, and burſts, and dies.
Thus from her ruine *Argalus* derives
His longer life, and by her death he lives;
Live *Argalus*, and let the gods allot
Such morning-draughts, to thoſe that love thee not.
Live long, and let the righteous Powers above,
That hath preſerv'd thee for *Partheniaes* love,
Crown all thy hopes, and fortunes with event
Too ſure, for ſecond treaſons to prevent.
By this time, did the laviſh breath of Fame
Give language to her Trumpet, and proclaim
Athleiaes death, the current of which news
Truth's warrant, had forbidden to abuſe
Deceived ears: Which when the lady heard
Whoſe treacherous heart was greedily prepar'd
To entertain a murther, ſhe aroſe
And with rude violence deſperately throws

Her trembling body on the naked floor,
But what ſhe ſaid, and did, I will deplore,
Not utter; but with forced ſilence ſmother,
Becauſe ſhe was the fair *Partheniaes* Mother:
May it ſuffice, that the extreams of ſhame,
And unreſiſted ſorrow overcame
Her diſappointed malice, leſs lamenting
The treaſon, than ſucceſs; and more repenting
Of what ſhe fail'd to do, than what ſhe did,
Her ſullen ſoul deſpairs; her thoughts forbid
What reaſon wants the power to perſwade;
And griefs being grown too deep for her to wade,
She ſinks; and with a hollow ſigh ſhe cried,
Welcome thou eaſer of all evils, and died.

Now tongues begin to walk; and every ear
Hath got the *Saturyaſis* to hear
This tragick Scene: the breath of *Fame* grows bold,
Fears no repulſe, and ſcorns to be control'd:
Whilſt loud report (whoſe tender Lips, before,
Durſt onely whiſper) now begins to roar;
The letter found in dead *Athleiaes* breſt,
Bewray'd the plot, and what (before) was gueſt,
Is now confirm'd and clear'd: for all men knew
Whoſe hand it was, and whence the malice grew.

But have we loſt Parthenia? *In what Iſle*
Of endleſs ſorrow lurks ſhe all this while?
Sweet Reader, urge me not to tell, for fear
Thy heart diſſolve, and melt into a tear:
Excuſe my ſilence: if my lines ſhould ſpeak,
Such marble hearts, as could not melt, would break.
No, leave her to her ſelf; it is not fit
To write, what being read, you'd wiſh unwrit:

I

I leave this task to thoſe, that take delight,
To ſee poor Ladies tortur'd in deſpight
Of all remorſe; whoſe hearts are ſtill at ſtrife
To paint a torment to the very life;
I leave that task to ſuch, as have the pow'r
To weep, and ſmile again within an hour:
To thoſe whoſe flinty hearts are more contented
To lim a grief, than pity the tormented:
Let it ſuffice, that had not Heaven protected
Her Argalus, *the joy whereof corrected*
That furious grief, which paſſion recommended
To her ſad thoughts, her ſtory here had ended.
When time the enemy of *Fame* had clos'd
Her babling Lips, and gently had compos'd
Partheniaes ſorrows, raiſing from the ground
Her body ſpent with grief, and almoſt drown'd
In her own tears, a long expected Scean
Of better fortune enters in, to drean
Her mariſh eyes: her ſtormy night of tears
Being paſt, a welcome day of joy appears.
The Rock's remov'd, and loves wide Ocean now
Gives room enough; looks with a milder brow.
Reader, forget thy ſorrows: Let thine ear
Welcome the tidings thou ſo long'ſt to hear:
A lovers diet's ſweet commixt with ſowre;
His Hell and Heaven oft times divides an hour.

(8)

Now *Argalus* can find a fair acceſs
To his *Parthenia*: Now fears nothing leſs
Than ears and eyes; and now *Partheniaes* heart
Can give her tongue the freedom to impart
His louder welcome, whilſt her greedy eye
Can look her fill, and fear no ſtander by:
She's not *Parthenia*, he not preſent with her;
And he not *Argalus*, if not together:
Their cheeks are fill'd with ſmiles; their tongues with chat;
Now, this they make their ſubject; and now that:
One while they laugh, and laughing, wrangle too,
And jar, as jealous lovers uſe to do:
And then a kiſs muſt make them friends again:
Faith, one's too little; Lovers muſt have twain;
Two brings in ten, Ten multiplies to twenty:
That, to a hundred: then becauſe the plenty
Grows troubleſom to count, and does incumber
Their Lips, their Lips gave kiſſes without number:
Their thoughts run back to former times: they told
Of all loves paſſages they had of old:
Of this thing done, the time, the place, and why;
The manner how, and who were preſent by:
The Mothers craft, her undeceiv'd ſuſpicion.
Her baited words, her marble diſpoſition:
His pining thoughts, and her projecting fears:
His ſoliloquies, and her ſecret tears:
Where firſt they met, th'occaſion of their meeting:
Their complement, the manner of their greeting:

His

His danger, his deliverance, and the reaſon
That firſt induc'd the Agents to the Treaſon.
Thus by the priviledge of time and leaſure
Their ſweet diſcourſes (crown'd with mutual pleaſure
Commixt with grief) they equal with the light,
And after, grumble at the envious night,
Which bids them part too ſoon: what day deny'd
In words, in thoughts the tedious night ſupply'd,
Which blam'd the *Fates* for doing Lovers wrong,
To make the day ſo ſhort, the night ſo long.
But now the little winged-god repented
That he had laugh'd ſo much, his heart relented,
His very ſoul grew ſad, his blinded eye
Began to weep at his own tyranny:
Laments their ſorrows: findes a ſecret way,
To make the night as pleaſing as the day:
Calls *Hymen* in, and in his ear diſcovers
The lingring torments of theſe wounded Lovers:
Gives him a charge, no longer to defer,
T'ingroſs their names within his Regiſter.
And now *Partheniaes* harveſt draweth near:
(The dearly purchas'd price of many a tear)
Her joy ſhall reap, what a world of grief hath ſown:
The time's appointed, and the day's ſet down,
Wherein ſweet *Hymen*, with his nuptial bands,
Shall joyn together their eſpouſed hands.
Here ſtop my Muſe: retire thy ſelf and ſtay,
To gather breath againſt the *Marriage-day*.

Reader, the joyful Bride ſalutes ye all,
In her behalf, if any have let fall
A tender tear, to thoſe ſhe makes requeſt,
That they'll be pleas'd to grace her Marriage Feaſt.

Argalus

ARGALUS AND PARTHENIA.

The Second Part.

SAil gentle Pinnace: Now the Heavens are clear,
The Winds blow fair: Behold the Harbor's nea'
Tridented *Neptune* hath forgot to frown,
The Rocks are paſt: The ſtorm is over-blown.
Up weather-beaten Voyagers, and rouze ye,
Forſake your loathed Cabbins: Up and louze ye
Upon the open Decks, and ſmell the Land:
Chear up, the welcome Shore is nigh at hand:
Sail gentle Pinnace, with a proſperous gale,
To th' Iſle of *Peace*: Sail, gentle Pinnace, ſail:
Fortune conduct thee! Let thy keel divide
The Silver ſtreams, that thou maiſt ſafely ſlide
Into the boſome of thy quiet Key,
And quit thee fairly of th'injurious Sea.
Great Sea-born Queen, thy birth-right gives thee power
T' aſſiſt poor ſuppliants, grant one happy hour:
O, let theſe wounded Lovers be poſſeſt,
At length, of their ſo long deſired reſt.
Now, now the joyful marriage-day draws on:
The Bride is buſie, and the Bridegroom's gone

To

To call his fellow Princes to the feaſt:
The Garland's made: The Bridal Chamber's dreſt:
The Muſes have conſulted with the Graces,
To crown the day, and honor their embraces
With ſhadow'd *Epithalms*: their warbling tongues
Are perfect in their new made *Lyrick* ſongs:
Hymen begins to grumble at delay,
And *Bacchus* laughs to think upon the day;
The virgin-tapers, and what other rights
Do appertain to *Nuptial* delights
Are all prepar'd, whereby may be expreſt
The joyful triumph of this marriage-feaſt.
But ſtay! who lends me now an Iron Pen,
T' engrave within the Marble-hearts of Men
A Tragick Scene? Which whoſo'er ſhall read,
His eyes may ſpare to weep, and learn to bleed
Carnatian tears: If time ſhall not allow
His death-prevented eyes to weep enow,
Then let his dying language recommend
What's left to his poſterity to end.

Thou ſaddeſt of all muſes, come, afford
Thy ſtudious help, that each confounding word
May rend a heart (at leaſt) that every Line
May pickle up a Kingdom in the Brine
Of her own tears: O teach me how t' extract
The ſpirit of grief, whoſe virtue may diſtract
Thoſe breaſts, which ſorrow knows not how to kill:
Inſpire, O, inſpire my melting quill;
And, like ſad Niobe, *let every one*
That cannot melt, be turn'd into a ſtone:
Teach me to paint an oft-repeated ſigh
So to the life, that whoſo'er be nigh,

May hear it breath, and learn to do the like
By imitation, till true paſſion ſtrike
Their bleeding hearts: Let ſuch as ſhall rehearſe
This ſtory, houl like Iriſh *at a Hearſe.*
Th' event ſtill crowns the act: Let no man ſay,
Before the evening's come, 'tis a fair day:
For when the Kalends of this Bridal feaſt
Were entred in, and every longing breaſt
Waxt great with expectation, and all eyes
(Prepar'd for entertaining novelties)
Were grown impatient now, to be ſuffic'd
With that, which Art and Honor had devis'd
T' adorn the times withal, and to diſplay
Their bounty, and the glory of that day:
The rare *Parthenia*, taking ſweet occaſion
To bleſs her buſie thoughts, with contemplation
Of abſent *Argalus*, whoſe too long ſtay
Made minutes ſeem as days, and every day
A meaſur'd age, into her ſecret bower
Betook her weary ſteps, where every hour
Her greedy ears expect to hear the ſum
Of all her hopes, that *Argalus* is come.
She hopes, ſhe fears at once; and ſtill ſhe muſes
What makes him ſtay ſo long; ſhe chides, excuſes;
She queſtions, anſwers, and ſhe makes reply,
And talks, as if her *Argalus* were by:
Why com'ſt thou not? Can Argalus *forget*
His languiſhing Parthenia? *what not yet?*
But as ſhe ſpake that word, ſhe heard a noiſe,
Which ſeem'd, as if it were the whiſp'ring voice
Of cloſe conſpiracy: She began to fear
She knew not what, till her deceived ear

(Inſtructed

(Inſtructed by her hopes) had ſingled out
The voice of *Argalus* from all the rout;
Whoſe ſteps (as ſhe ſuppoſed) did prepare,
By ſtealth to ſeize upon her unaware:
She gave advantage to the thriving plot,
Hearing the noiſe, as if ſhe heard it not:
Like as young Doves, (which ne'r had yet forſaken
The warm protection of their neſt, or taken
Upon themſelves, a ſelf-providing care,
To ſhift for food; but with paternal fare
Grow fat and plump) think every noiſe they hear,
Their full cropt-parents are at hand to chear
Their craving ſtomacks; whilſt th'impatient fiſt
Of the falſe Cater, rifling where it liſt,
In every hole, ſurpriſes them, and ſheds
Their guiltleſs blood, and parts their gaſping heads
From their vain ſtrugling bodies; ſo, even ſo,
Our poor deceiv'd *Parthenia*, (that did owe
Too much to her own hopes) the whilſt her eyes
Were ſet to welcome the unvalued prize
Of all her joys, her deareſt *Argalus*,
Stept in *Demagoras*, and ſalutes her thus:

Baſe Trull, Demagoras *comes to let thee ſee,*
How much he ſcorns thy painted face, and thee:
Foul Sorcereſs! could thy proſperous actions think
To'ſcape revenge, becauſe the gods did wink
At thy deſigns? Think'ſt thou thy Mothers blood
Cryes in a language, not to be underſtood?
Hadſt thou no cloſer ſtratagem, to further
Thy pamper'd luſt, but by the ſavage murther
Of thine own aged parent, whoſe ſad death
Muſt give a freedom to the whiſp'ring breath

Of

Of thy enjoy'd Adulterer? who (they ſay)
Will cloak thy whoredom with a marriage day:
Nay ſtruggle not, here's none that can reprieve
Such pounded beaſts: It is in vain to ſtrive,
Or roar for help; why doſt not rather weep
That I may laugh? perchance, if thou wilt creep
Upon thy wanton Belly, and confeſs
Thy ſelf a true repentant Murtheress,
My ſinful Page may play the fool, and gather
Thy early fruit into his Barn, and father
The new-got Cyprian *Baſtard, if that he*
Be half ſo wiſe, that got it, but to flee:
Hah! doſt thou weep? or do falſe miſts but mock
Abuſed eyes? from ſo obdure a Rock
Can water flow? Weeping will make thee fair;
Weep till thy marriage-day; that who repair
To grace thy feaſt, may fall a weeping too,
And, in a mirror, ſee what tears can do.
Vile Strumpet! did thy flattering thoughts e'er wrong
Thy judgment ſo; to think, Demagoras *tongue*
Could ſo defile his honor, as to ſue
For ſerious love? ſo baſe a thing as you
(Methinks) ſhould rather fix your wanton eyes
Upon ſome eaſie Groom, that hopes to riſe
Into his Maſter's favor for your ſake:
I, this had been preferment, like to make
A hopeful fortune: Thou preſumptuous traſh!
What was my courtſhip, but the minutes daſh
Of youthful paſſion, to allay the duſt
Of my deſires, and exuberous luſt?
I ſcorn thee to the ſoul, and here I ſtand
Bound for revenge, whereto I ſet my hand:

(9)

(9)

With that, be grip'd her rudely by the fair
And bounteous treaſure of her Nymph-like hair:
And, by it, drag'd her on the duſty floor:
He ſtopt her mouth, for fear ſhe ſhould implore
An aid from Heaven: ſhe ſwouning in the place,
His ſalvage hands beſmear'd her liveleſs face
With horrid poyſon, thinking ſhe was dead,
He left her breathleſs, and away he fled.
Come, come ye Furies, you malignant ſpirits,
Infernal Harpies, or what elſe inherits.
The Land of darkneſs; you that ſtill converſe
With damned ſouls; you, you that can rehearſe
The horrid facts of villains, and can tell
How every Hell-hound looks that roars in Hell.
Survey them all; and, then inform my Pen,
To draw in one, the monſter of all Men:
Teach me to limb a villain, and to paint,
With dext'rous art, the baſeſt Sycophant
That ere the mouth of inſolent diſdain
Vouchſaf'd to ſpit upon: The putrid Blain
Of all diſeaſed humors, fit for none
But Dogs to lift their haſty legs upon:
So clear mens eyes, that whoſo'er ſhall ſee
The type of baſeneſs, may cry, this is he!
Let his reproach be a perpetual blot
In Honors Book: Let his remembrance rot
In all good mindes: Let none but villains call
His Bug-bear name to memory, where with all

To fright their bauling Baſtards : Let no ſpell
Be found more potent, to prevail in Hell,
Than the nine Letters of his charm-like name :
Which, let our baſhful Chris-croſs-row diſclaim
To the worlds end, not worthy to be ſet
In any but the Jewiſh Alphabet.

But hark ! Am I deceiv'd: Or do I hear
The voice of *Arg'lus* ſounding in mine ear?
He calls *Parthenia* : No, that tongue can be
No counterfeit : He's come : 'Tis he, 'tis he.
Welcome too late, that are now come too ſoon :
Hadſt thou been here, this deed had ne're been done.
Alas ! when lovers linger, and out-go
Their promis'd Date, they know not what they do:
Men fondly ſay, That women are too fond
At parting ; to require ſo ſtrict a Bond
For quick return : Poor ſouls ! 'Tis they endure
Oft-times the danger of the forfeiture :
I blame them not : For miſchief ſtill attends
Upon the too long abſence of true friends.

Well, *Argalus* is come, and ſeeks about
In every room to find *Parthenia* out :
He asks, inquires, but all Lips are ſparing
To be the Authors of ill news, not daring
To ſpeak the truth : they all amazed ſtand :
And now my Lord's as fearful to demand ;
Dares not enquire her health, leſt his ſad ear
Should hear ſuch words, as he's afraid to hear :
All lips are bolted with a Linnen Bar,
And every eye does, like a Blazing-Star,
Portend ſome evil ; no Language findes a Leak :
The leſs they ſpeak, the more he fears to ſpeak.

Faces

Faces grow ſad, and every private ear
Is turn'd a Cloſet for the whiſperer:
He walks the room; and like an unknown ſtranger,
They eye him: from each eye, he picks a danger.
At laſt his Lips not daring t'importune
What none dare tell him, unexpected *Fortune*
Leads his raſh ſteps into a dark'ned room,
A place more black than night: No ſooner come,
But he was welcom'd with a ſigh, as deep,
As a ſpent heart can give: He heard one weep,
And by the noiſe of groans and ſobs, was led
(Having no other guide) to the ſad Bed.
Who is't (ſaid he) *that calls untimely night*
To hide thoſe griefs that thus abjure the light?
With that, as if her heart had rent in two,
She paſt a ſigh, and ſaid, *O ask not who!*
Urge not my tongue to make a forc'd Reply
To your demand! Alas! It is not I.
Not I (ſaid he?) *What Language do I hear?*
Darkneſs may ſtop mine eye, but not mine ear:
It is my dear Partheniaes *voice, Ah me!*
And can Parthenia, *not* Parthenia *be?*
what means this word, (Alas! It is not I?)
What ſudden ill hath taught thee to deny
Thy ſelf? or what can Argalus *then claim,*
If his Parthenia *be not the ſame*
She was? Alas, it ſeems to me all one
To ſay, Thou art not hers, that's not her own:
Can hills forget their pondrous bulk, and flie
Like wandring Atoms, in the empty skie?
Or can the Heavens (*grown idle*) *not fulfill*
Their certain revolutions, but ſtand ſtill,

And leave their constant motion for the wind
T' inherit? Can Parthenia *change her mind?*
Heav'n sooner shall stand still, and Earth remove,
E'er my Parthenia *falsifie her love:*
Unfold thy riddle then; and tell me, why
Those Lips should say, (Alas! It is not I!)
Whereto she thus reply'd: *O do not thou*
So wrong thy noble thoughts, as once t'allow,
That cursed name a room within thy breast,
Let not so foul a prodigy be blest,
With thy lost breath: Let it be held a sin,
Too great for pardon, e'er to name't agen:
Let darkness hide it in eternal night:
May it be clad with horror to affright
A desp'rate conscience: He that knows not how
To mouth a curse, O let him practise now
Upon this name: Let him that would contract
The body of all mischief, or extract
The quint'ssence of a sorrow, onely claim
A secret priviledge to use that name:
Far be it from thy language, to commit
So foul a sin, as once to mention it:
Live happy Arg'lus; *do not thou partake*
In these my miseries: O forbear to make
My burden greater, by thy tender sorrow:
Alas, my heart is strong, and needs not borrow
Thy needless help: O be thou not so cruel,
To feed my flaming fires with thy fuel:
Why dost thou sigh? O wherefore should thy heart
Usurp my stage, and act Parthenia's *part?*
It is my proper task: what, dost thou mean,
Without my Licence, to intrude my Scene?

Alas!

Alas! thy ſorrows eaſe not my diſtreſs;
God knows, I weep not one poor tear the leſs:
My Pateni's ſign'd and paſt, whereby appears
That I have got the Monopoly of tears,
In me let each mans torment find an end:
I am that Sea, to which all Rivers tend:
Let all ſpent mourners, that can weep no more,
Take tears on truſt, and ſet them on my ſcore.
And as ſhe ſpake that word, his heart not able
To bear a language ſo unſufferable,
But being ſwoln ſo big, muſt either break,
Or vent; his conquer'd reaſon grew to weak
T' oppoſe his quickned paſſion (like a man
Tranſported from himſelf) he thus began:
Accurſed darkneſs! Thou ſad type of death!
Infernal Hag, whoſe dwelling is beneath!
What means thy boldneſs to uſurp this room,
And force a night, before the night be come:
Get, get thee down, and keep within thy liſts:
Go revel there; and hurl thy hideous miſts
Before thoſe curſed eyes, that take delight
In utter darkneſs, and abhor the light;
Return thee to thy Dungeon, whence thou came,
And hide thoſe faces, whoſe infernal flame
Ca'lls for more darkneſs, and whoſe tortur'd ſouls
Crave the protection of th'obſcureſt holes,
To ſcape ſome laſhes, and avoid thoſe ſtrict
And horrid plagues, the Furies do inflict:
But if thou needs muſt ramble here, above,
Go to ſome other Climate, and remove
Thy ugly preſence from our darkned eyes,
Th t hate thy tyranny: Go exerciſe

Thy power in Groves, and ſolitary ſprings,
Where Bats are ſubjects, and where Owls are Kings:
Go to the Graves, and fill thoſe empty rooms,
That ſuch as ſlumber in their ſilent tombs
May bleſs thy welcome ſhades, and lie poſſeſt
Of undiſturbed and eternal reſt:
Or if thy more ambitious fogs deſire
To haunt the living, haſt thee, and retire
Into ſome Cloyſter, and there ſtand between
The light, and thoſe that fain would ſin, unſeen;
Aſſiſt them there; and let thy ugly ſhapes,
Count'nance cloſe treaſons, and inceſtuous rapes:
Benight thoſe rooms; and aid all ſuch as fear
The Eye of Heaven: Go, cloſe thy Curtains there,
We need thee not, (foul Witch) away, away;
Thou hid'ſt more beauty than the noon of day
Can give; O thou, that haſt ſo rudely hurl'd
On this dark bed the glory of the world.

So ſaid, abruptly he the room departs
His cheeks look pale, his curled hair upſtarts
Like quills of Porcupines, and from his eye
Quick flaſhes like the flames of Lightning flie:
He calls for light; the light no ſooner come,
But his own hand conveys it to the room
From whence he came, and as he entred in
He bleſt himſelf; he bleſt himſelf again,
Thrice did he bleſs himſelf, and after ſaid,

Foul Witch be gone, and let thy diſmal ſhade,
Forſake this place: Let thy dark fogs obey
Great Vulcans *charge; in* Vulcans *name, away:*
Or if thy ſtout rebellion ſhall diſclaim
His ſoveraignty, in my Parthenia's *name*

BRITISH MUSEUM

I charm thee hence. And as that word flew out,
He ſtept to that ſad bed, where round about,
Clos'd were the Curtains, as if darkneſs did
Command that ſuch a Jewel ſhould be hid.

(10)

His left hand held the taper, and his right
Enforc'd the Curtains, to abſolve the light:
Which done, appear'd before his wond'ring eye
The trueſt portrait of deformity,
As ere the Sun beheld: that lovely face
That was of late the model of all grace
And peerleſs beauty, whoſe imperious eyes
Raviſht where ere they lookt, and did ſurprize
The very ſouls of men, ſhe, ſhe, of whom
Nature her ſelf was proud, is now become
So loath'd an object, ſo deform'd, diſguis'd,
As darkneſs, for mans ſake, was well advis'd
To cloath in miſts, leſt any were incited
To ſee that face, and ſo depart affrighted.
All this when *Argalus* beheld, and found
It was no dream, he fell upon the ground,
And rav'd, and roſe again, ſtood ſtill, and gaz'd;
At firſt he ſtartled, then he ſtood amaz'd:
Looks now upon the light, and now on her,
One while his tired fancy does refer
His thoughts to ſilence; as his thoughts increaſe,
His paſſion ſtrives for vent, and breaks that peace
Which conquer'd Reaſon had of late concluded,
And thus began: *Are theſe falſe eyes deluded?*

Or

Or have inchanted miſts ſtept in between
My abuſed eyes, and what my eyes have ſeen?
No, miſchief cannot act ſo fair a part,
T'affright in jeſt; it goes beyond the art
Of all black Books, to mask with ſuch diſguiſe
So ſweet a face: I know that theſe are eyes,
And this a light: Falſe miſts could never be
Betwixt my poor Parthenia, *and me.*
Accurſed Taper! what infernal ſpright
Breath'd in thy face? what fury gave thee light?
Thou imp of Phlegeton; *who let thee in*
To force a day, before the day begin?
Who brought thee hither? I? did I? From whom,
What lean-chapt Fury did I ſnatch thee from?
When as this curſed hand did go about
To bring thee in, why went not theſe eyes out?
Be all ſuch Tapers curſed for thy ſake;
Ne'r ſhine, but at ſome Vigil, or ſad Wake;
Be never ſeen, but when as ſorrow calls
Thy needful help to nightly funerals;
Be as a May-game for th'amazed Bat
To ſport about; and Owls to wonder at:
Still haunt the Chancels at a midnight-knell,
To fright the Sexton from his paſſing Bell:
Give light to none but treaſons, and be hid
In their dark lanthorns: Let all mirth forbid
Thy treacherous flames the room: and if that none
Shall daign to put thee out, go out alone:
Attend ſome Miſer's table, and then waſte
Too ſoon, that he may curſe thee for thy haſte;
Burn dim for ever: Let that flatt'ring light
Thou feed'ſt, conſume thy ſtock: be baniſht quite

From

From Cupids *Court: When lovers go about*
Their ſtolen pleaſures, let your flames go out:
Henceforth be uſeful to no other end,
But onely to burn day-light, or attend
The midnight Cups of ſuch as ſhall reſign
With uſury their undigeſted Wine:
Why doſt thou burn ſo clear? Alas! theſe eyes
Diſcern too much; thy wanton blaze doth riſe
Too high a pitch: thou burn'ſt too bright for ſuch
As ſee no comfort: O thou ſhin'ſt too much:
Why doſt thou vex me? Is thy flame ſo ſtout
T' endure my breath: this breath ſhall puff thee out:
Thus, thus my joys are quite extinguiſht, never
To be reviv'd: Thus gone, thus gone for ever.

With that, tranſported with a furious haſte,
He blew it out: but mark, that very blaſt
(As if it meant on purpoſe, to diſclaim
His deſp'rate thoughts) reviv'd th' extinguiſht flame.
He ſtands amaz'd; and, having mus'd a while,
Beholds the Taper, and begins to ſmile.

And can the gods themſelves (ſaid he) *contrive*
A way for hope? Can my paſt joys revive,
Like this rekindled fire; if they do,
I'le curſe my lips (*bright Lamp*) *for curſing you.*
Eternal Fates! deal fairly; dally not:
If your hid bounties have reſerv'd a lot
Beyond my weaned hope, be it expreſt
In open view; make haſte, and do your beſt:
But if your juſtice be determin'd ſo
To excerciſe your vengeance on my wo,
Strengthen not what at length you mean to burſt;
Strike home betimes; diſpatch, and do your worſt;

That

That burthen is too great for him to bear,
That's evenly poiſed betwixt hope and fear.
And there he ſtopt; as fearing to moleſt
The ſilent peace of her diſſembled reſt.
He gaz'd upon her; ſtood as in a trance:
Sometimes her liveleſs hand he would advance
To his ſad Lips; then ſteal it down agen:
Sometimes, a tear would fall upon 't, and then
A ſigh muſt dry it; every kiſs did bear
A ſigh, and every ſigh begat a tear:
He kiſt, he ſigh'd, he wept, and, for a ſpace,
He fixt his eye upon her wounded face,
And in a whiſpering language, he disburs'd
His various thoughts; thus, with himſelf diſcours'd.
And were the Sun-beams of thoſe eies too fierce
For mortal view? Or did thoſe fires diſperſe
Flames too conſuming for th'amaz'd beholder?
Or did thy youth make treaſon e'er the bolder
To ſtain that brow; and by a midnight theft,
To ſteal more beauty than the day had left?
Or did that blind, that childiſh god deſcry
A kind of twilight from that heavenly eie,
Which, over-bright, he ſought to make more dim
By blurring that, which elſe had blaſted him?
Or did the Sea-born goddeſs Queen repine
To ſee her Star out-ſhone ſo much by thine?
And fill'd with rage, and envious deſpight,
Sent down a cloud t' eclipſe ſo fair a light?
Or did the wiſer Deities foreſee
This likely danger; that when men ſhould ſee
So bright a Lamp; fearing they ſhould commit
Such ſweet idolatry, benighted it?

Or did the too too careful gods conſpire
A good for man, tranſcending mans deſire,
And knowing ſuch an eie too bright for any,
Gave it a wound, leſt it ſhould wound too many?
If ſo they meant, they might have been more kind
To ſave that beautie, and have ſtruck us blind.

Before the ſound of his laſt breath was gone
(Her ſpeech being marſhal'd with a powerful groan
Through the rude confluence, and amazed throng
Or her diſtracted thoughts) her feeble tongue
Wept forth theſe words: *Thus fleet, thus tranſitory*
Is mans delight, and all that painted glory,
Poor Earth can give: Nor wealth, nor blood, nor beautie,
Can quit the debt, that neceſſary dutie
They ow to Change *and* Time; *but like a flowr,*
They flouriſh now, and fade within an hour:
The world's compos'd of change, there's nothing ſtaies
At the ſame point; all alters, all decaies:
The world is like a Play, where every age
Concludes her Scene, and ſo departs the ſtage;
And when Times *haſty hour-glaſs is run,*
Change *ſtrikes the* Epilogue, *and all the Play is done.*
Who acts the King to day, by chance of lot,
Perchance to morrow begs, and bluſhes not:
Whoſe beautie was ador'd o'er night, next morning
May find a face, like mine, not worth the ſcorning:
Look where we liſt, there's nothing to the eie
Seems truly conſtant, but Inconſtancy.

Moſt dear Parthenia, (Argalus *repli'd*)
Had thy deceived eie but ſtept aſide,
And lookt upon thy Argalus *his breſt;*
I know, I know, thy language had profeſt

Another

Another faith: Thy Lips had ne'r let flie,
At unawares, ſo great an Hereſie:
'Tis not the change of favor, that can change
My heart; nor Time, *nor* Fortune *can eſtrange*
My beſt affections, ſo for ever fixt
On thee, nothing but death can come betwixt
My ſoul and thine: If I had lov'd thy face,
Thy face alone; my fancie had given place,
Ere this, to freſh deſires, and attended
Upon new fortunes; and the old had ended.
If I had lov'd thee for thy heavenly eye,
I might have courted the bright Majeſty
Of Titan: *if thy curious Lips had ſnar'd*
My lickriſh thoughts, I might have ſoon prepar'd
A bluſhing Corral, *or ſome full ripe* Cherry,
And pleas'd my Lips, until my Lips were weary;
Or if the ſmoothneſs of thy whiter brow
Had charm'd mine eyes, and made my fancie bow
To outward objects, poliſht Marble might
Have given as much content, as much delight;
In brief, had Argalus *his flatter'd eye*
Been pleas'd with beauties bare Epitomy,
Thy curious picture might have then ſuppli'd
My wants, more full, than all the world beſide:
No, no; 'Twas neither brow, nor lip, nor eye,
Nor any outward ex'lence urg'd me, why
To love Parthenia: *'twas thy better part,*
(Which miſchief could not wrong,) ſurpris'd my heart?
Thy beauty was but like a Chryſtal caſe,
Through which, the Jewel of admired grace
Tranſparent was, whoſe hidden worth did make
Me love the Caſket for the Jewels ſake:

No,

No, no, my well adviſed eye pierc't in
Beyond the film; ſunk deeper than the skin;
Elſe had I now been chang'd, and that firm duty
I owe my Vows, had faded with thy beauty:
Nay, weep not my Parthenia, *let thoſe tears*
Ne'r wail that loſs which a few after years
Had claim'd as due; chear up, thou haſt forſaken
But that, which ſickneſs would (perchance) have taken,
With greater diſadvantage; or elſe age,
That common evil, which art cannot aſſwage;
Beauty's but bare opinion: White *and* Red
Have no more priviledge than what is bred
By humane fancy, which was ne're confin'd
To certain bounds, but varies like the wind:
What one man likes, another diſreſpects,
And what a third moſt hates, a fourth affects:
The Negro's *eye thinks* black *beyond compare,*
And what will fright us moſt, they count moſt fair.
If then opinion be the touch, whereby
All beauty's tried; Parthenia *in my eye,*
Out-ſhines fair Helen, *or who elſe ſhe be*
That is more rich in beauty's wealth than ſhe.
Chear up: the ſoveraignty of thy worth infranches
Thy captive beauty; and thy vertue blanches
Theſe ſtains of fortune: come, it matters not
What others think: a letter's but a blot
To ſuch as cannot read; but, who have skill,
Can know the fair impreſſion of a quill,
From groſs and heedleſs blurs; and ſuch can think
No paper foul, that's fairly writ with Ink:
What others hold a blemiſh in thy face,
My skilful eyes read characters of grace:

What hinders then, but that without delay,
Triumph may celebrate our nuptial day?
She that hath only vertue to her guide,
Though wanting beauty is the faireſt bride.
A Bride! (ſaid ſhe) *ſuch Brides as I, can have*
No fitter bridal chamber then a Grave:
Death *is my* Bridegroome; *and to welcom* Death,
My loyal heart ſhall plight a ſecond Faith:
And when that day ſhall come, that joyful day
Wherein tranſcendant pleaſures ſhall allay
The heat of all my ſorrows, and conjoyn
My pale-fac'd Bridegroom's *lingring hand with mine,*
Theſe Ceremonies *and theſe* Triumphs *ſhall*
Attend the day to grace that day *withall.*
Time *with his empty Hour-glaſs ſhall lead*
The triumph on, his winged hoof ſhall tread
Slow paces; After him there ſhall enſue
The chaſt Diana *with her Virgin crew,*
All crown'd with Cypreſs garlands: after whom
In rank, th' impartial Deſtinies *ſhall come:*
Then in a ſable Chariot *faintly drawn*
With harneſt Virgins *vail'd with pureſt lawn,*
The Bride *ſhall ſit*; Diſpair *and* Grief *ſhall ſtand*
Like heartleſs Bridemaids *upon either hand:*
Upon the Chariot *top, there ſhall be plac'd*
The little winged god with arm unbrac'd,
And Bow unbent; his drooping wings muſt hide
His naked knees, his Quiver by his ſide
Muſt be unarm'd, and either hand muſt hold
A Banner, *wherewith* Characters *of gold*
Shall be decipher'd (fit for every eye
To read that runs) Faith, Love, *and* Conſtancy.

Next

Next after, hope, *in a diſcoloured weed*
Shall ſadly march alone: A ſlender Reed
Shall guide her feeble ſteps, and in her hand
A broken Anchor *all beſmear'd with ſand.*
And after all, the Bridegroom *ſhall appear*
Like Joves Liuetenant, *and bring up the rear,*
He ſhall be mounted on a Coal-black Steed,
His hand ſhall hold a Dart, *on which ſhall bleed*
A pierced heart, wherein a former wound
Which Cupids Javelin *enter'd, ſhall be found.*
When as the Triumphs ſhall adorn our feaſt,
Let Argulus *be my invited gueſt,*
And let him bid me nuptial Joy, *from whom*
I once expected all my joys ſhould come.
With that, as if his countenance had thought good
To wear death colours, or as if his blood
Had been imployed to condole the ſmart
And torment of his poor afflicted heart,
He thus beſpake: *Unhappieſt of all men,*
Why do I live? is Death my Riual then?
Vnequal chance! Had it been fleſh and blood
I could have grapled, and (perchance) withſtood
Some ſtout incounters: had an armed hoſt
Of mortal Rivals *ventur'd to have troſt*
My beſt deſires; my Parthenias *eye*
Had given me power to make that army fly
Like frighted Lambs before the Wolfe; but thou
Before whoſe preſence all muſt ſtoop and bow
Their ſervile necks, what weapons ſhall I hold
Againſt thy hand that will not be controul'd?
Great enemy: whoſe Kingdom's in the duſt
And darkſome Caves: I know that thou art juſt;

Else had the Gods ne're trusted to thy hand
So great a priviledge, so large command
And jurisdiction ore the lives of men,
To kill and save even whom they please, and when:
O, suffer not Parthenia's *tempting tears*
To move thy heart; let thy hard-hearted ears
Be deaf to all her suits: if she profess
Affection to thee, believe nothing less:
She's my betrothed Spouse, and Hymen's *bands*
Have firmly joyn'd our hearts, though not our hands;
Where plighted Faith, and Sacro-sanctious *vow*
Hath given possession, dispossess not thou:
Be just; and though her briny lips bewail
Her grief with tears, let not those tears prevail.
Whom Heavens have joyn'd, thy hands may not disjoyn,
I am Parthenia's, *and* Parthenia's *mine;*
Alas! we are but one; then thou must either
Refuse us both; or else, take both together.
My dear Parthenia, *let no cloudy passion*
Of dul despair molest thee; or unfassion
Thy better thoughts, to make thy troubled mind
Either forgetful, or thy self unkind:
Starve not my pining hopes with longer stay:
My Love hath wings, and brooks no long delay;
It hovers up and down, and cannot rest
Until it light, and perch upon thy brest.
Torment not him within these lingring fires,
That's rack't already on his own desires:
Seal and deliver as thy deed, that band,
Whereto thy promis'd faith hath set her hand:
And what our plighted hearts and mutual vow
Have so long since begun, O finish now;

That

That our imperfect, and half pleaſures may
Receive perfection by a marriage day.
Whereto, ſhe thus: *Had the pleas'd Gods above*
Forgiven my faults, and made me fit for Jove
To bleſs at large; had all the powers of heaven
(To boaſt the utmoſt of their bounty) given
As great addition to my ſlender fortune
As they could give, or covetous mind importune,
I vow to heaven, and all thoſe heavenly powers,
They ſhould no longer be made mine, but yours;
Nay, had my fortunes ſtay'd but at the rate
They were; had I remained in that ſtate
I was (although at firſt unworthy far
Of ſuch a peerleſs bleſſing as you are)
My dear acceptance ſhould have fill'd my heart
As full of joys as now it is of ſmart.
But, as I am, let angry Jove *then vent*
On me his plagues, till all his plagues be ſpent:
And when I roar, let heaven my pains deride,
When I match Argalus *to ſuch a Bride:*
Live happy Argalus, *let thy ſoul receive*
What bleſſings poor Parthenia *cannot have:*
Live happy: may thy joys be never done,
But let one bleſſing draw another on:
O may thy better Angel watch and ward
Thy ſoul, and pitch an everlaſting guard
About the Portals of thy tender heart
And ſhower down bleſſings whereſo'ere thou art:
Let all thy Joys be as the Month of May,
And all thy days be as a Marriage day:
Let ſorrow, ſickneſs, and a troubled mind
Be ſtrangers to thee, let them never find

Thy heart at home: let Fortune ſtill allot
Such lawleſs gueſts to thoſe that love thee not:
And let thoſe bleſſings, which ſhall wanting be
To ſuch as merit none, alight on thee.
That mutual faith betwixt us, that of late
Hath paſt, I give thee freedom to tranſlate
Upon the merits of ſome fitter Spouſe;
I give thee leave, and freely quit thy vows:
I call the Gods to witneſs, nothing ſhall
More bleſs my ſoul, no comfort can befall
More truly welcome to me, than to ſee
My Argalus *(what ere become of me)*
So link't in wedlock, as ſhall moſt augment
His greater honour, and his true content.
With that, a ſudden and tempeſtuous tyde
Of tears orewhelm'd her language, and deny'd
A paſſage; but when paſſions flood was ſpent,
She thus proceeds: *You Gods, if you are bent*
To act my Tragedy, why do you wrong
Our patience ſo, to make the Play ſo long?
Your Scenes are tedious; 'gainſt the Rules of art,
You dwell too long, too long upon one part.
Be brief, and take advantage of your odds,
One ſimple Maid amongſt ſo many Gods,
And not be conquer'd yet? conjoyn your might,
And ſend her Soul into eternal Night,
That lives too long a day: I'll not reſiſt;
Provided you ſtrike home, ſtrike where ye liſt:
Accurſed be that day, wherein theſe eyes
Firſt ſaw the light; let deſp'rate ſouls deviſe
A curſe ſufficient for it: let the Sun
Ne're ſhine upon it; and what ere's begun

Upon

Upon that fatal day, let heaven forbid it
Succeſs; if not t'enſnare the hand that did it.
Why was I born? Or, being born, O why
Did not my fonder Nurſes Lullaby
(Even whil'ſt my Lips were hanging on her breſt)
Sing her poor Babe *to everlaſting reſt?*
O then my Infant *ſoul had never known*
This world of grief, beneath whoſe weight I grown:
No, no, it had not; he that dies in's prime,
Speeds a long buſineſs in a little time.

But *Argalus*, (whoſe more extream deſire,
Unapt to yield, like water-ſprinkled fire,
Did blaze the more) impatient of denial,
Gave thus an on-ſet to a further tryal:

Life of my ſoul; by whom, next heaven, I breath:
Excepting whom, I have no friend but Death:
How can thy wiſhes eaſe my grief, or ſtand
My miſery in ſtead, when as thy hand,
And nothing but thy helping hand can give me
Relief, and yet refuſes to relieve me?
Strange kind of charity, when being afflicted,
I find beſt wiſhes, yet am interdicted
Of thoſe beſt wiſhes, and muſt be remov'd
From loves injoyment; why? becauſe belov'd.
Alas! alas! how can my wiſhes be
A bleſſing to me, if unbleſt in thee?
Thy beauty's gone, (thou ſay'ſt) why, let it go;
He loves but ill, that loves but for a ſhow;
Thy beauty is ſupply'd in my affection,
That never yet was ſlave to a complexion.
Shall every day, wherein the earth doth lack
The Sun's reflex, b'expell'd the Almanack?

Or ſhall thy over-curious ſteps forbear
A Garden 'cauſe there are no Roſes *there?*
Or ſhall the Sun-ſet *of* Parthenia's *beauty*
Enforce my Judgment to neglect that duty,
The which my beſt advis'd affection ows
Her ſacred vertue, and my ſolemn vows?
No, no; it lies not in the power of Fate
To make Parthenia *too unfortunate*
For Argulus *to love.*
It is as eaſie for Parthenia's *heart*
To prove leſs vertuous, as for me to ſtart
From my firm faith; the flame that honours breath
Hath blown, nothing hath power to quench but death;
Thou gav'ſt me leave to choſe a fitter Spouſe,
And freedom to recall, to quit thoſe vows
I took: who gave thee licenſe to diſpenſe
With ſuch falſe tongues as offer violence
To plighted faith? alas! thou can'ſt not free
Thy ſelf, much leſs hadſt power to licenſe me.
Vows *can admit no change, they ſtill perſever*
Againſt all change; they bind for ever:
A vow's a holy thing, *no common breath:*
The limits of a vow is Heaven *and* Death:
A vow that's paſt, is like a bird that's flown
From out thy hand, can be recall'd by none;
It dies not, like a time-beguiling Jeſt,
As ſoon as vented; lives not in thy breſt,
When uttered once, but is a ſacred word
Straight entred in the ſtrict and cloſe Record
Of Heaven; it is not like a Jugler's *knot,*
Or faſt, or looſe, as pleaſes us or not.

Since

Since then thy vows can find no diſpenſation,
And may not be recal'd, recal thy paſſion;
Perform, perform what now it is too late,
T' unwiſh againe, too ſoon to violate:
Seek not to quit, what Heaven denyes to free:
Perform thy vows to Heaven, thy vows to me.
Thrice dearer then my ſoul, (ſhe thus repli'd)
Had my own pampered fancy been the guide
To my affection, I had condeſcended
Ere this, to your requeſt, which had befreinded
My beſt deſires too: I lov'd not thee
For my own pleaſure in that baſe degree,
As gluttons do their diet, who diſpenſe
With unwaſh't hands, (leſt they ſhould give offence
To their grip'd ſtomacks, when a minutes ſtay
Will make them curſe occaſion all the day)
I lov'd not ſo; my firſt deſires did ſpring
From thy own worth; and as a ſacred thing,
I always view'd thee, whom my zeal commands
Me not prophane whith theſe defiled hands:
Tis true; p·rformauce is a debt we owe
To Vows, *and nothing's dearer than a vow;*
Yet when the Gods *do raviſh from our hand,*
The means to keep it, 'tis a countermand.
He that hath vow'd to ſacrifice each day,
At Juno's *altars bound, and muſt obey:*
But if (being under vow) the Gods *do pleaſe*
To ſtrike him with a leprous diſeaſe,
Or foul infection; which is better now,
Prophane the Altar, *or to breake the vow?*
The caſe is mine; where then the Gods *diſpence,*
We may be bold, yet tender no offence.

Admit

Admit it were an evil; 'tis our beſt,
Of neceſſary ills, to chuſe the leaſt.
The Gods are good: the ſtrict recogniſance
Of vows, is only taken to advance
The good of man; now if that good prove ill,
We may refuſe, our vow's intire ſtill.
I vow a marriage; why? becauſe I do
Entirely effect that man my Vows *are to;*
But if ſome foul diſeaſe ſhould interpoſe
Betwixt our promis'd marriage, and our vows:
The ſtrict performance of theſe vows muſt prove
A wrong; and therefore love not, whom I love.
Then urge no more: Let my denial be
A pledge ſufficient 'twixt my love, and thee.
So ended ſhe: But vehement deſire
(That can be quencht with *No*, no more then fire
With oyl; and can ſubmit to no condition)
Lends him new breath: Love makes a Rhetorician;
He ſpeaks; ſhe anſwers: He, afreſh, replies;
He ſtoutly ſues; as ſtoutly ſhe denyes.
He begs in vain; and ſhe denies in vain:
For ſhe denies again: He begs again.
At laſt, both weary, he his ſuit adjourns;
For Lovers days are good, and bad by turns.
He bids farewel; as if the heart of either
Gave but one motion, they both ſigh'd together.
She bids farewel; and yet ſhe bids it ſo,
As if her farewel ended, if he go;
He bids farewel; but ſo, as if delay
Had promis'd better farewels to his ſtay.
She bids farewel, but holds his hand ſo faſt,
As if that farewel had not been the laſt.

Both

Both ſigh'd, both wept, and both being heavy hearted,
She bids farewel, he bids farewel, and parted.
So parted they : Now *Argalus* is gone?
And now *Parthenia*'s weeping all alone,
And like the widdow'd turtle ſhe bewails
The abſence of her mate : Paſſion prevails
Above her ſtrength : Now her poor heart can tell
What's Heaven by wanting Heaven : and what's Hell
By her own torments : Sorrow now does play
The Tyrants part, Affection muſt obey ;
And like a weathercock her various mind
Is chang'd and turn'd with every blaſt of wind.
In deſp'rate language ſhe deplores her ſtate ;
She fain would wiſh, but then ſhe knows not what :
Reſolves of this, of that, and then of neither,
She fain would flee : but then ſhe knows not whither :
At length (conſulting with the heartleſs pair

11

(11) Of all adviſers, Sorrow and Diſpair }
Reſolves to take th' advantage of that night,
To ſteal away, and ſeek for death by flight:
A Pilgrim's weed her liveleſs limbs addreſt
From head to foot: a thong of leather bleſt
Her waſted loyns; her feeble feet were ſhod
With ſandals: In her hand a Pilgrims rod.
When as th' illuſtrious Soveraign of the day
Had now begun his circuit to ſurvey
His lower Kingdom, having newly lent
The upper world to *Cynthia*'s Government,
Forth went *Parthenia*, and begins t'attend
The progreſs now, which only death can end.
Go hapleſs Virgin! Fortune be thy guide,
And thy own vertues; and what elſe beſide,
That may be proſperous; may thy merits find
More happineſs than thy diſtreſſed mind
Can hope: Live, and to after ages prove
The great example of true *Faith* and *Love*:
Gone, gone ſhe is; but whither ſhe is gone,
The Gods and Fortune can reſolve alone:
Pardon my Quill, that is inforc't to ſtray
From a poor Lady in an unknown way.
To number forth her weary ſteps, or tell
Thoſe obvious dangers that ſo oft befell
Our poor *Parthenia* in her pilgrimage,
Or bring her miſeries on the open ſtage,
Her broken ſlumbers, her diſtracted care:
Her hourly fears and frights, her hungry fare;
Her dayly perils, and her nightly 'ſcapes
From ravenous beaſts, and from attempted rapes,

Is not my task; who care not to incite
My Readers paſſion to an appetite.
We leave *Parthenia* now; and our diſcourſe
Muſt caſt an eye, and bend her ſettled courſe
To *Argalus*. When *Argalus* (returning
To viſit his *Partheina* the next morning)
Perceived ſhe was fled, not knowing whither,
He makes no ſtay; conſults not with the Weather;
Stays not to think, but claps his haſty knees
To his fleet Courſer, and away he flees;
His haſte enquires no way, (he needs not fear
To loſe the Road, that goes he knows not where:)
One while he pricks upon the fruitful plains;
And now he gently ſlacks his prouder reins
And climbs the barren hills: with freſh careers
He tries the right hand way; and when he veres
His courſe upon the left: One while he likes
This path, when by and by his fancy ſtrikes
Upon another track. Sometime he roves
Among the Springs and ſolitary Groves,
Where, on the tender barks of ſundry trees,
H'engraves *Parthenia's* name with his, then flees
To the wild champian: his proud Steed removes
The hopeful fallows, with his horned hooves:
He baulks no way, rides over Rock and Mountain,
When led by Fortune to *Diana's* Fountain,

(12) He ſtraight diſmounts his Steed, begins to
His thirſty lips; and after that, to drench (quench
His fainting limbs, in that ſweet ſtream, wherein
Parthenia's dainty fingers oft had been.

The

(12)

The Fountain was upon a ſteep deſcent
Whoſe gliding current nature gave a vent
Through a firm rock, which art (to make it known
To after ages) wall'd and roof't with ſtone :
Above the Chryſtal Fountain's head was plac'd
Diana's Image (though of late defac'd :)
Beneath, a rocky Ciſtern did retain
The water, ſliding through the Cocks of *Cane*,
Whoſe curious current the world's greater eye
Ne're view'd, but in his mid-day Majeſty :
It was that Fountain, were in elder times
Poor *Corydon* compos'd his rural rimes.
And left them cloſely hid, for his unkind
And marble hearted *Phillida* to find.
All rites perform'd, he re-amounts his Steed,
Redeems his loſſe of time with a new ſpeed :
And with a freſh ſupply, his ſtrength renews
His progreſs, God knows whether : He purſues
His vow'd adventure, brooking no delay,
And (with a mind as doubtful as the way)
He journeys on ; he left no courſe unthought :
No traveller unaskt ; no place unſought.
To make a Journal of each circumſtance ;
His change of fortunes, or each obvious chance
Befel his tedious travel : to relate
The brave attempt of this exploit, or that ;
His rare atchievements, and their fair ſucceſs ;
His noble courage, in extream diſtreſs ;
His deſp'rate dangers, his deliverance :
His high eſteem with men, which did enhance
His meaneſt actions to the throne of *Jove* :
And what he ſuffer'd for *Parthenia's* love,

Would

Would make our Volume endleſſe, apt to trie
The utmoſt patience of a ſtudious eye:
All which the bounty of a free conceit
May ſooner reach to, then my pen relate.
But till bright *Cynthiaes* head had three times thrice
Repair'd her empty horns, and fill'd the eyes
Of gazing mortals, with her globe of light,
This reſtleſſe Lover ceas'd not, day and night
To wander, in a ſolitary queſt
For her, whoſe love had taught him to digeſt
The dregs of ſorrow, and to count all joyes
But follies (wheigh'd with her) at leaſt, but toyes.
It hapned now, that twice ſix moneths had run
Since wandring *Argalus* had firſt begun
His toilſome progreſs; who, in vain had ſpent
An year of hours, and yet no event,
When fortune brought him to a goodly ſeat,
(Wall'd round about with hills) yet not ſo great
As pleaſant; and leſs curious to the ſight,
Then ſtrong, yet yeilding even as much delight
As ſtrength: whoſe only out-ſide did declare
The Maſters judgment, and the builders care.
Around the *Caſtle*, Nature had laid out
The bounty of her treaſure; round about
Well fenced Meadows (fill'd with Summers pride)
Promis'd proviſion for the Winter tide:
Near which the neighb'ring hills (well ſtockt & ſtor'd
With milk-white flocks) did ſeverally afford
Their fruitful bleſſings, and deſerv'd increaſe
To painful Husbandry, the child of Peace:
It was *Kalanders* ſeat, who was the brother
Of loſt *Parthenias* late deceaſed Mother.

13

He was a Gentleman, whom vain ambition
Ne'r taught to undervalue the condition
Of private *Gentry*; who preferr'd the love
Of his reſpected neighbours, far above
The apiſh Congies of th' unconſtant Court:
Ambitous of a good, not great report:
Beloved of his Prince, yet not depending
Upon his favours ſo, as to be tending
Upon his Perſon: and, in brief, too ſtrong
Within himſelf, for fortune's hand to wrong:

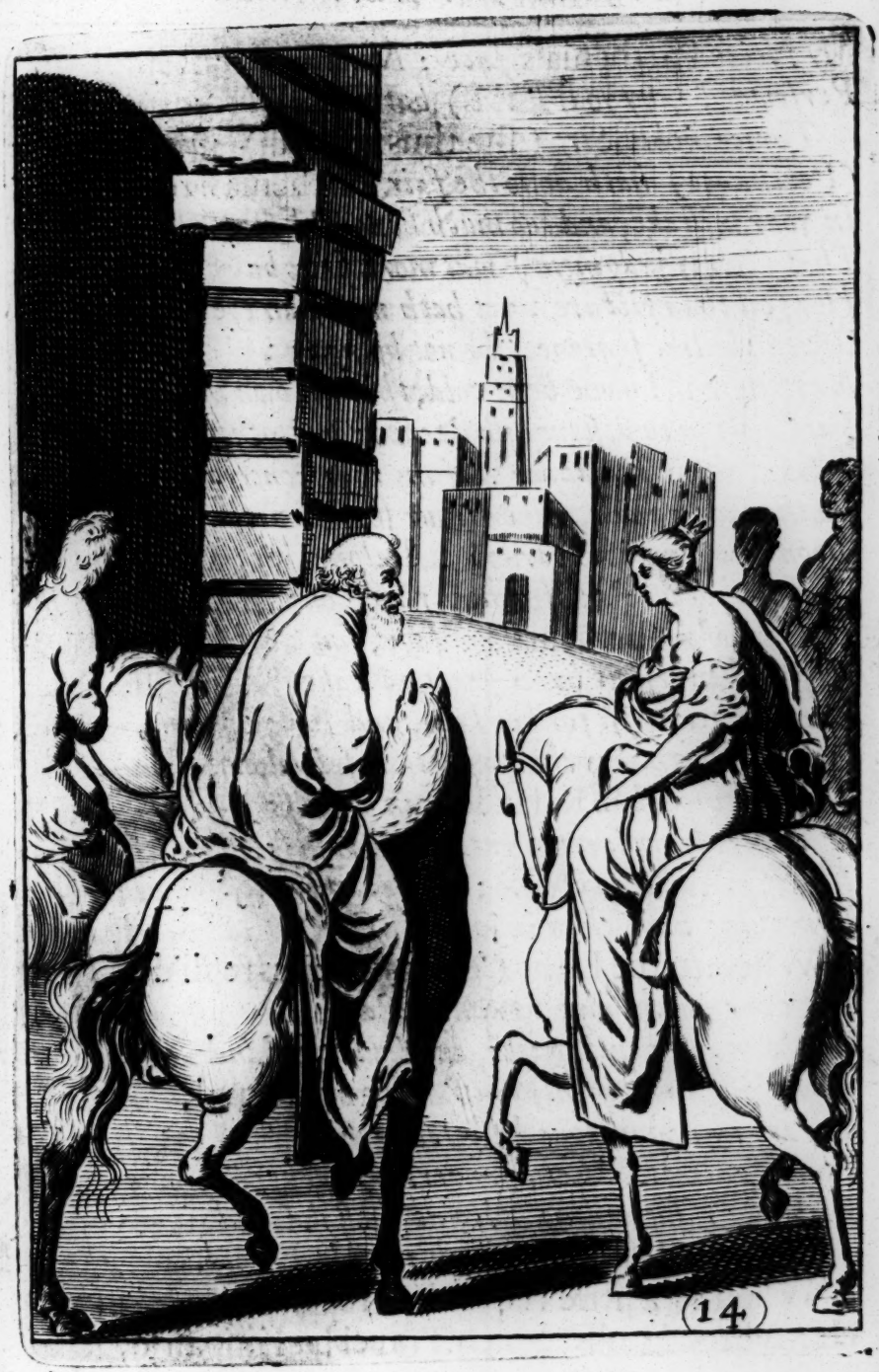
(13)

Thither came wandring *Argalus*, & receiv'd
As great content, as one that was bereav'd
Of all his joyes, could take; or who would ſtrive
T' expreſſe a welcom to the life, could give.
His richly furniſht Table more expreſt
A common bounty, then a curious feaſt;
Whereat the choice of precious wines were proffe'rd
In liberal ſort; not urg'd but freely offer'd:
The careful ſervants did attend the room:
No need to bid them either go or come:
Each knew his place, his office, and could ſpie
His Maſters pleaſure in his Maſters eye.
But what can reliſh pleaſing to a taſt
That is diſtemper'd? Can a ſweet repaſt
Pleaſe a ſick palate? No, there's no content
Can enter *Argalus*, whoſe ſoul is bent
To tire on his own thoughts: *Kalanders* love
(That other times would raviſh) cannot move
That fixed heart, which paſſion now incites
T' abjure all pleaſures, and forſwear delights.

It fortun'd, on a day, that dinner ending,
Kalander and his noble gueſts intending
T'exchange their pleaſures in the open air,
A Meſſenger came in, and did repair
Unto *Kalander*, told him, that the end
Of his imployment, was to recommend
A noble Lady to him (near alli'd
To fair Qeen *Hellen*) whoſe unskilful guide
Had ſo miſ-led, that ſhe does make requeſt,
This Night to be his bold and unknown gueſt:
And by his help to be inform'd the way,
To find to morrow, what ſhe loſt to day:
Kalander (the extent of whoſe ambition
Was to expreſs the bounteous diſpoſition
Of a free heart, as glad of ſuch occaſion
To entertain) return'd the ſalutation
Of an unknown Servant; and withal profeſt
A promis'd welcome to ſo fair a gueſt.
Forthwith *Kalander* and his noble friends,
(All but poor *Argalus*, who recommends
His thoughts to private uſes, and confines
His ſecret fancy to his own deſigns)
Mounting their praunſing Steeds, to give a meeting
To his fair gueſt: they met, but at firſt greeting.

(14)

(14) *Kalander* ſtood amaz'd, (for he ſuppos'd
It was *Parthenia*) and thus his thoughts diſclos'd:
Madam (ſaid he) *if theſe mine aged eyes*
Retain that wonted ſtrength, which age denies
To many of my years, I ſhould be bold
(In viewing you,) to ſay, I do behold


14

My Neece Parthenia's *face : Nor can I be*
Perſwaded (by your leave) but you are ſhe.
Thrice noble Sir (ſhe thus reply'd) *your tongue*
(Perchance) hath done the fair Parthenia *wrong,*
In your miſtake, and too much honour'd me,
That (in my judgment) was more fit to be
Her foil than picture ; yet hath many an eye
Given the like ſentence, ſhe not being by ;
Nay, more : I have been told, that my own mother
Fail'd often to diſtinguiſh 'tone from 'tother.
Said then *Kalander : If my raſh conceit*
Hath made a fault, mine errour ſhall await
Upon your gratious pardon : I alone
Was not deceiv'd ; for never any one
That view'd Parthenia's *viſage, but would make*
As great an errour by as great miſtake.
But (Madam) *for her ſake, and for your own,*
(Whoſe worth may challange to it ſelf alone,
More ſervice than Kalander *can expreſs)*
Y' are truly welcome : enter and poſſeſs
This Caſtle *as your own ; which can be bleſt*
In nothing more than in ſo fair a Gueſt.
Whereto the Lady (entring) thus repli'd :
Let everlaſting joys be multipli'd
Within theſe gentle gates, and let them ſtand
As laſting monuments in th' Arcadian Land,
Of rare and bounteous hoſpitality
To after times. Let ſtrangers paſſing by
Bleſs their ſucceeding heirs as ſhall deſcend
From ſuch a Lord, from ſuch a noble Friend.
When as a little reſpite had repair'd
Her weary Limbs, which Travel had impair'd,
The freeneſs of occaſion did preſent New

New ſubjects to diſcourſe; wherein they ſpent
No little time: among the reſt befel
Kalander (often ſtopt with tears) to tell
Of *Argalus* and loſt *Parthenia*'s love,
Whoſe undiſſembled paſſion did move
A general grief; the more that they attended
To his ſad tale, the more they wiſht it ended.
Madam (ſaid he) *although your viſage be*
Like hers, yet may your Fortunes diſagree;
Poor Girl: and as he ſpake that word, his eyes
Let fall a tear. The Lady thus replies.
My Soul doth ſuffer for Parthenia's *ſake*:
But tell me, Sir, Did Argalus *forſake*
His poor Parthenia *whom he lov'd ſo dear?*
How hath he ſpent his days ere ſince, and where?
Madam (ſaid he) *when as their marriage-day*
Drew near; miſchief, that now was bent to play
Upon the ſtage, her ſtudied maſter-prize,
With ugly leproſie did ſo diſguiſe
Her beauteous face, that ſhe became a terror
To her own ſelf: But Argalus *the mirror*
Of trueſt conſtancy, (whoſe loyal heart,
Not guided by his eyes, diſdain'd to ſtart
From his paſt vows) did in deſpight of fortune,
Purſue his fixt deſires, and importune
T' intended marriage ne'rtheleſs; but ſhe
Whom reaſon now had taught to diſagree
With her diſtracted thoughts, ſtands deaf and mute,
And at the laſt, t'avoid his further ſute;
Not making any private to her flight,
She quits the houſe, and ſteals away by night:
But Madam, *when as* Argalus *perceiv'd*
That ſhe was fled, and being quite bereav'd

Of his loſt hope, poor Lover, he aſſays
By toilſome Pilgrimage to end his days,
Or find her out: Now twice ſix months have run
Their tedious courſes, ſince he firſt begun
His fruitleſs Journey, ranging far and near,
Suffering as many Sorrows as a year
Could ſend, and made by th' extreams of weather,
Unapt for Travel; fortune brought him hither,
Where he as yet remains, till time ſhall make
His waſted body fit to undertake
His diſcontinued progreſs, and renew
His great inqueſt for her, who at firſt view,
Madam you ſeem'd to be.

So ſaid, the Lady, from whoſe tender eyes
Some drops did ſlide, whoſe heart did ſympathize
With both their ſorrows; ſaid, *And is there then*
Such unexpected conſtancy in men? [*Moſt Noble Sir:*]
If the too raſh deſires of a ſtranger
May de diſpens'd withal without the danger
Of too great boldneſs, I ſhould make requeſt
To ſee this noble Lord, in whoſe rare breſt
(By your report) more honour doth reſide
Than in all Greece *; nay, all the World beſide:*
I have a meſſage to him, and am loath
To do it, were I not ingag'd by Oath.
Whereat *Kalander* not in breath, but action,
Applies himſelf to give a ſatisfaction
To her propounded wiſh: protraction waſtes
No time, but up to *Argalus* he haſtes:

(15)

Arg'lus comes down, and after ſalutation
Given and recciv'd, ſhe accoſts him on this faſhion:

My

My Noble Lord,
Whereas the loud reſounding trump of fame
Hath nois'd your worth, and glorifi'd your name
Above all others, let your goodneſs now
Make good that fair report; that I may know
By true experience, what my joyful ear
Had but as yet the happineſs to hear,
And if the frailty of a Woman's wit
Should chance t'offend; be noble, and remit.
Then know (moſt noble Lord) my native place
Is Corinth; *of the ſelf ſame blood and race*
With fair Queen Hellen, *in whoſe princely Court*
I had my birth, my breeding; to be ſhort,
Thither, not many days ago, there came
Disguis'd and chang'd in all things but her name
The rare Parthenia, *ſo in ſhape transform'd,*
In feature *alter'd, and in* face *deform'd,*
That (in my judgment) all this Region could
Not ſhew a thing more ugly to behold.
Long was it ere her oft repeated Vows
And ſolemn Proteſtations could rouze
My over dull belief: till at the laſt,
Some paſſages that heretofore had paſt
In ſecret 'twixt Parthenia *and me,*
Gave full aſſurance 't could be none but ſhe;
Abundant welcome, (as a ſoul ſo ſad
As mine, and hers, could give or take) ſhe had:
So like we were in face, *in* ſpeech, *in* growth,
That whoſoever ſaw the one, ſaw both;
Yet were we not alike in our Complexions
So much as in our Loves, in our affections:
One ſorrow ſerv'd us both, and one relief

Could

Could eaſe us both, being partners in one grief:
Much private time we joyntly ſpent; and neither
Could find a true content, if not together.
The ſtrange occurrents of her dire misfortue
She oft diſcours't, which ſtrongly did importune
A world of tears from theſe ſuffuſed eyes,
The true Partakers of her miſeries.
And as ſhe ſpake, the accent of her ſtory
Would always point upon the eternal glory
Of your rare conſtancy, which whoſoere
In after ages ſhall preſume to hear
And not admire, let him be proclaim'd
A rebel to all virtue, and (defam'd
In his beſt actions) let his leprous Name
Or die diſhonour'd, or ſurvive with ſhame.
But ah! what Simples *can the hand of art*
Find out to ſtanch a Lovers bleeding heart?
Or what (alas!) can humane skill apply,
To turn the Courſe of Lov's Phlebotomy?
Love is a ſecret fire, inſpir'd and blown
By fate, which wanting hopes to feed upon,
Works on the very ſoul, and does torment
The univerſe of man: which being ſpent
And waſted in the conflict, often ſhrinks
Beneath the burthen: and ſo conquer'd, ſinks:
All which your poor Parthenia knew too well,
Whoſe bed-rid hopes not having power to quell
Th' imperious fury of extream diſpair,
She languiſh't: not being able to contraire
The will of her victorious paſſion; cryed,
My deareſt Argalus *farewel, and died:*
My Lord, not long before her lateſt breath

Had

Had freely paid the full arrears to death,
She call'd me to her ; in her dying hand
She ſtrained mine, whil'ſt in her eyes did ſtand
A ſhower of tears unwept, and in mine ear
She wiſper'd ſo, as all the Room might hear :
Siſter (ſaid ſhe) (*that title paſt between us,*
Not undiſerv'd, for all that ere had ſeen us
Miſtook us ſo, at leaſt) *the lateſt ſand*
Of my ſpent hour-glaſs is now at hand :
Thoſe Joys which heaven appointed out for me,
I here bequeath to be poſſeſt by thee ;
And when ſweet death ſhall clarifie my thoughts,
And drain them from the dregs of all my faults,
Enjoy them thou, wherewith (*being ſo refin'd*
From all their droſs) *full fraught thy conſtant mind :*
And let thy proſp'rous voyage be addreſt
To the fair port of Argalus *his breſt,*
As whom the eye of Noon did ne'r diſcover
So loyal, ſo renown'd, ſo rare a Lover ;
Caſt anchor there ; for by this dying breath,
Nothing can pleaſe my ſoul more, after death,
And make my Joys more perfect, than to ſee
A Marriage 'twixt my Argalus *and thee ;*
This Ring, the pledge betwixt his heart and mine,
As freely as he gave me, I make thine :
With it unto thy faithful heart I tender
My ſacred vows, with it I here ſurrender
All Right and title that I had, or have
In ſuch a bleſſing as I now muſt leave ;
Go to him, and conjure him in my name,
What love he bare to me, the very ſame,
That he transfer on thee : take no denial,

Which

Which granted, live thou happy, conſtant, loyal;
And as ſhe ſpake that word, her voice did alter,
Her breath grew cold, her ſpeech began to falter;
Fain would ſhe utter more, but her ſpent tongue
(Not able to go further) fail'd and clung
To her dry roof: awhile, as in a trance
She lay, and on a ſudden did advance
Her forced language to the height, and cryed,
Farewel, my deareſt Argalus; *and dyed.*
And now, my Lord, although this office be
Unſuitable to my Sex, *and diſagree*
Too much, perchance, with the too mean condition
Of my poor ſtate, more like to find deriſion
Than ſatisfaction; yet, my gratious Lord,
Extr'ordinary merits do afford
Extr'ordinary means, and can excuſe
The breach of Cuſtome, or the common uſe:
Wherefore incited by the dear directions
Of dead Parthenia, *by my own affections,*
And by the exc'lence of your high deſert,
I here preſent you with a faithful heart;
A heart to you devoted, which aſſures
It ſelf no happineſs but in being yours.
Pardon my boldneſs, they that ſhall reprove
This as a fault, reprove a fault in love:
And why ſhould Cuſtome do our Sex *that wrong,*
To take away the priviledge of our tongue?
If nature give us freedom to affect,
Why then ſhould Cuſtome bar us, to detect
The gift of nature? ſhe that is in pain,
Hath a ſufficient warrant to complain.
Then give me leave, (my Lord) to re-inforce

A Virgins ſuit, and (thinking ne'r the worſe
Of proffer'd love) let my deſires thrive,
And freely accept what I ſo freely give.
So ending, ſilence did enlarge her ear,
(Prepar'd with quick attention) to hear
His gratious words: But *Argalus*, whoſe Paſſion
Had put his amorous Courtſhip out of faſhion,
Return'd no anſwer, till his trickling eyes
Had given an earneſt of ſuch Obſequies,
As his adjourned Sorrow had intended
To do at full, and therefore recommended
To privacy; true grief abhors the Light,
Who grieves without a witneſs, grieves aright.
His paſſion thus ſuſpended for a while,
(And yet not ſo, but that it did recoil
Strong ſighs) he wip'd his tear-bedewed eyes,
And turning ro the Lady, thus replies;
Madam,
Your no leſs rare than noble favours ſhow
How much you merit, and how much I owe
Your great deſert, which claims more thankfulneſs
Than ſuch a dearth of Language can expreſs:
But moſt of all, I ſtand for ever bound
To that your Goodneſs, my Parthenia *found*
In her diſtreſs, for which reſpect (in duty
As I am ty'd) poor Arg'lus *ſhall repute ye*
The flower of noble courteſie, and proclaim
Your high deſervings. Lady, as I am,
A poor unhappy wretch, the very ſcorn
Of all proſperity, diſtreſs, forlorn,
Unworthy the leaſt favour you can give,
I am your ſlave, your Beedſman will I live;

But

But for this weighty matter you propound,
Although I ſee how much it would redound
To my great happineſs, yet heaven knows
(Moſt exc'llent Lady) I cannot diſpoſe
Of my own thoughts, nor have I power to do,
What elſe you needed not perſwade me to;
For truſt me, were this heart of mine my own,
To carve according to my pleaſure, none
But you ſhould challenge it; but while I live,
It is Parthenia's, *and not mine to give.*
Whereto ſhe thus replies: *Moſt noble Sir,*
Death that hath made divorce 'twixt you and her,
Hath now returned you your heart again,
Diſſolv'd your Vows, diſlink't that ſacred chain,
Which ty'd your ſouls: nay more, her dying breath
Bequeath'd your heart to me; which by her death
Is grown a debt that you are bound to pay:
Then know (my Lord) the longer you delay,
The longer time her ſoul is diſpoſſeſt
(And by your means) of her deſired reſt.
Whereto the poor diſtreſſed *Argalus*,
Pauſing a while, return'd his anſwer thus:
Incomparable Lady,
When firſt of all, by heaven's divine directions,
We lov'd, we lik't, we link't our dear affections,
And with the ſolemn power of an Oath,
In preſence of the better Gods, we both
Exchang'd our hearts: in witneſs of which thing,
I gave, and ſhe received that dear Ring,
Which now you wear: by which ſhe did reſigne
Her heart to me; for which, I gave her mine.
Now, Madam, *by a mutual commerce,*

My

Mine exchang'd heart is not my own, but hers:
Which if it had the power to ſurvive,
She being dead, what heart have I to give?
Or if that heart expired in her death,
What heart had ſhe (poor Lady!) to bequeath?
Madam, in her began my dear affection;
In her it liv'd, in her it had perfection;
In her it joy'd, although but ill befriended
By Fate; in her begun, in her it ended.
If I had lov'd, if I had only lov'd
Parthenia's *beauty, I had ſoon been mov'd*
To moderate my ſorrows, and to place
That Love on you, that have Parthenia's *face:*
But 'twas Parthenia's *ſelf I lov'd, and love;*
Which as no time hath power to remove
From my fixt heart, ſo nothing can diminiſh,
No fortune can diſſolve, no death can finiſh.
With mingled Frowns and Smiles ſhe thus reply'd
Half in a rage, *And muſt I be deny'd?*
Are theſe the noble favours I expected?
To find diſgrace, and go away rejected?
Moſt noble Lady, if my words (ſaid he)
Sute not your expectation, let them be
Imputed to the miſery of my ſtate,
Which makes my lips to ſpeak they know not what:
Miſtake not him, that only ſtudies how
With moſt advantage ſtill to honour you.
Alas! what joys I ever did receive
From Fortune, 's buryed in Parthenia's *Grave;*
With whom, ere long (nor are my hopes in vain)
I hope to meet, and never part again.

BRITISH MUSEUM

(16)

(16)

So ſaid, with more than Eagle-winged haſte
She flew into his boſome, and imbrac'd
[In her cros'd arms, his ſorrow waſted was.]
Surcharg'd with Joy, ſhe wept, not having power
To ſpeak. Have you beheld an *April* ſhower
Send down her haſty bubbles, and then ſtops,
Then ſtorms afreſh, through whoſe tranſparent drops
The unobſcured Lamp of Heaven conveys
The brighter glory of his refulgent rays:
Even ſo, with her bluſhing cheeks reſided
A mixt aſpect, 'twixt ſmiles and tears divided:
So even divided, no man could ſay, whether
She wept, or ſmi'd, ſhe ſmil'd and wept together;
She held him faſt, and like a fainting Lover,
Whoſe paſſion now had licenſe to diſcover
Some words: *Since then thy heart is not for me:*
Take, take thy own Parthenia (ſaid ſhe)
Chear up! my Argalus, *theſe words of mine*
Are thy Parthenia's, *as* Parthenia's *thine*;
Believe it (Love) *theſe are not falſe alarms,*
Though ſt thy own Parthenia *in thy arms.*
Like as a man, whoſe hourly wants implore
Each meals relief trudging from door to door,
That hears no dialect from churliſh lips,
But news of *Beadles*, and their torturing whips,
Takes up (perchance) ſome unexpected treaſure,
New loſt; departs, and joyful beyond meaſure,
Is ſo tranſported, that he ſcarce believes
So great a truth; and what his eye perceives,

Not daring truſt, but fears it is ſome viſion,
Or flattering dream, deſerving but deriſion;
So *Argalus* amazed at the news
Fain would believe, but daring not abuſe
His eaſie faith too ſoon; for fear his heart
Should ſurfeit on conceit, he did impart
The truth unto his fancy by degrees:
Where ſtop't by paſſion, falling on his knees,
He thus began; *O you eternal powers,*
That have the guidance of theſe ſouls of ours,
Who by your juſt Prerogative can do
What is a ſin for man to dive into:
Whoſe undiſcover'd actions are too high
For thought: too deep for man t'inquire: why?
Delude not theſe mine eyes with the falſe ſhow
Of ſuch a joy, as I muſt never know
But in a dream; or if a dream it be,
O let me never wake againe, to ſee
My ſelfe deceiv'd, that am ordain'd t'enjoy
A real greif, and but a dreaming joy.
Much more he ſpake to this effect, which ended,
He bleſt himſelf, and (with a ſigh) unbended
His aking knees, and riſing from the ground,
He caſt his rouling eyes about, and found
The room avoided, and himſelf alone
The door half clos'd, and his *Parthenia* gone,
His new diſtemper'd paſſions grew extream:
I knew, I knew, (ſaid he) *'twas but a dream;*
A minutes joy, a flaſh, a flattering bubble;
Blown by the fancy, full of pleaſing trouble;
Which waking breaks, and empties into aire,
And breaths into my ſoul a freſh deſpair.

I knew 'twas nothing but a golden Dream,
Which (waking) makes my wants the more extream:
I knew 'twas nothing but a dreaming joy,
A bliſs which (waking) I ſhould ne're enjoy.
My dear Parthenia, *tell me where, O where*
Art thou that ſo delud'ſt mine eye, mine ear?
O that my weakened fancy had the might
To repreſent unto my real ſight
What my deceived eyes beheld, that I
Might ſurfit with exceſs of Joy, and dye.
With that the fair *Parthenia* (whoſe deſire
Was all this while, by fire, to draw out fire;
And by a well adviſed Courſe to ſmother
The fury of one paſſion with another)
Stept in, and ſaid, *Then* Argalus *take thou*
Thy true Parthenia: *thou dream'ſt not now;*
Behold this Ring, *whoſe Motto does impart*
The conſtancy of our divided heart:
Behold theſe eyes, that for thy ſake have vented
A world of tears, unpitied, unlamented:
Behold this face, that had of late the power
To curſe all beauty, yet it ſelf ſecure:
Witneſs that Tapor, *whoſe prophetick ſnuff*
Was outed and revived with one puff:
And that my words may whet thy dull belief,
'Twas I that roar'd beneath the Scourge of grief,
When thou didſt curſe the darkneſs for concealing
My face; and then the Tapor *for revealing*
So foul a face; 'twas I, that, overcome
With violent deſpair, ſtood deaf, and dumb
To all thy urg'd perſwaſions: it was I,
That in thy abſence, did reſolve to die

A wandring Pilgrim, trusting to be led
By fortune, to my Death; and therefore fled.
But see! the powers above can work their ends,
In spight of mortals: and what man intends,
The Havens dispose, and order the event:
For when my thoughts were desperately bent
To mine own ruine, I was led by fate
(Through dangers, now, too tedious to relate)
To fair Queen Hellen's *Court, not knowing whither*
My unadvised steps were guided. Thither
My Genius brought me; where unknown to any,
I mourn'd in silence, though observ'd by many:
Reliev'd by none; at length they did aquaint
The fair Queen Hellen *with my strange complaint;*
Whose noble heart did truely sympathize
With mine, partaking in my miseries:
Who fill'd with pitty, strongly did importune
The woful cause of my disastrous fortune,
And never rested till she did enforce
These lips t'acquaint her with the whole discourse:
Which done: her gracious pleasure did command
Her own Chirurgeon, to whose skilful hand
She left my foul disease, who in the space
Of twice ten days, restor'd me to this face:
The cure perfected, straight she sent about
(Without my knowledge) to enquire out
That Party, for whose sake I was contented
T'endure such grief with patience, unrepented;
Hoping (since by her means, and help of art
My face was cur'd) even so to cure my heart.
But when the welcome Messenger return'd
The place of thy abode, O how my spirit burn'd

To kiſs her hands, and ſo to leave the Court:
But ſhe, (whoſe favors did tran'cend report:
As much, as they exceeded my deſert)
Detain'd me for a while, as loath to part
With her poor handmaid; till at laſt pretending
A lovers haſt, and freely apprehending
So juſt a cauſe of ſpeed; ſhe ſoon befriended
My beſt deſires, and ſent me thus attended:
Where (under a falſe mask) I laid this Plot,
To ſee how ſoon my Arg'lus *had forgot*
His dead Parthenia; *but my bleſſed ear*
Hath heard, what few or none muſt hope to hear:
Now farewel ſorrow, and let old deſpair
Go ſeek new breſts: let miſchief never dare
Attempt our hearts: let Argalus *enjoy*
His true Parthenia; *let* Parthenia's *joy*
Revive in him; let each be bleſt in either,
And bleſt be Heaven, that brought us both together.

With that the well-nigh broken hearted Lover,
Raviſh'd with over joy, did thus diſcover
His long pent words: *And do theſe eyes once more*
Behold what their extream diſpair gave ore
To hope for? Do theſe wretched eyes attain
The happineſs to ſee this face again?
And is there ſo much happineſs yet left
For a broke heart, a heart that was bereft
Of power t'enjoy, what Heaven hath power to give?
Breaths my Parthenia? *Does* Parthenia *live?*

Who, ever ſaw the Pole-affecting ſtone,
By hidden power, (a power as yet unknown
To our confin'd and darkned reaſon) draw
The neighbouring ſteel, which by the mutual law

Of natures ſecret working, ſtrives as much
To be attracted, till they joyn and touch
Even ſo theſe greedy lovers meet, and charms
Each other ſtrongly in each others arms;
Even ſo they meet, and with unbounded meaſure
Of true content, and time beguiling pleaſure
Enjoy each other with a world of kiſſes,
Sealing the Patent of true worldly bliſſes;
Where for a while I leave them to receive
What pleaſures new-met Lovers uſe to have.
Readers forbear, and let no wanton eye
Abuſe our Scene, let not the ſtander by
Corrupt our lines, or make an obſcean gloſs
Upon our ſober text, and mix his droſs
With our refined Gold, extracting ſowre
From ſweet; and poyſon from ſo fair a flower.
Correct your wandring thoughts, and do not fear
To think the beſt: Here is no *Tarquin* here,
No luſtful, no inſatiate *Meſſaline*,
Who thought it gain ſufficient to reſign
An age of honour, for a Night of pleaſure;
Whoſe ſtrength to endure luſt, was the juſt meaſure
Of her aduſt deſire: Ye need not fear
Our private Lovers, who eſteem leſs dear
Their Lives, than honours, daring not to do
But what unſham'd, the *Sun* may pry into.
If any itching ears deſire to know
What ſecret conf'rence paſt betwixt theſe two,
To them my Muſe thus anſwers: 'When your caſe
'Shall prove the like, ſhe wills you to embrace
'True honour, as theſe noble Lovers did,
'And you ſhall know; till then, you are forbid

'To

'To enquire further: Only this ſhe pleaſes
To let you underſtand, that love's diſeaſes
Being throughly cured by their meeting, they
Have once again prefix't a Marriage day;
Which that it might ſucceed with fairer fortune,
Readers, ſhe moves your pleaſures to importune
The better Gods, *That they would pleaſe t'appay*
Their griefs with joy, and ſmile upon that day.

ARGALUS AND PARTHENIA.

The Third Book.

WHen ſturdy *March's* ſtorms are overblown,
And *April's* gentle ſhowrs are ſliden down,
To cloſe the wind-chapt Earth, ſucceeding *May*,
Enters her month, whoſe early breaking day
Calls Ladies from their eaſie beds, to view
Sweet *Maia's* pride, and the diſcoulour'd hiew
Of dewy-breſted *Flora*, in her bower,
Where every hand hath leave to pick the flower
Her fancy likes; wherewith to be poſſeſt,
Until it fade, and whither in her breſt.
Now ſmooth-fac'd *Neptune*, with his gladder ſmiles
Viſits the banks of his beloved *Iles*;
Eolus calls in the winds, and bids them hold (Their

Their full-mouth'd blaſts, that breathleſs are controll'd.
Each one retires, and ſhrinks into his ſeat,
And Sea-green *Triton* ſounds a ſhrill retreat;
And thus at length, our *Pinace* is paſt ore
The bar, and rides before the *Maiden-tower*.
Up, now in earneſt (Voyagers) and ſtand ye.
On your faint legs. Our *Long-boat* ſtraight ſhall land
Forget your travels now, and lead your eyes (ye.
From your paſt dangers to your preſent prize:
You traffick not for toys, the Gods have ſet
No other price to things of price, but *ſweat*.
Chear up; call home your hearts, and be advis'd,
Goods eas'ly purchas'd, are as eas'ly priz'd:
You traffick not for triffles, and your travel
Was not to compaſs the almighty gravel
Of th' *Indian Mines*, to ballaſt your eſtates;
'Twas not for blaſts of *Honour*, whoſe poor dates
Depend on regal ſmiles, and have no meaſures,
But Monarch's wills, expiring with their pleaſures:
'Twas not to conquer Kingdoms, or obtain
The dangerous title of a *Soveraign*:
Theſe are poor things: it is but falſe diſcretion
To toyl, where hopes are ſweeter than poſſeſſion;
No, we are bound upon more brave adventures,
True Honour, *Beauty*, *Vertue*, are the Centers
To which we point, whereto our thoughts do tend;
And heaven hath brought our Voyage to an end.
Hail, noble *Arg'lus*; now the *Cockboat* ſtands
Secure, ſtep forth; ſpread forth thy widened hands,
And take thy faireſt *Bride* into thy arms:
Strike up (brave Spirit) *Cupids* freſh alarms
Upon her melting lips: take *Toll*, before
Thou ſet her dainty foot upon the ſhore; So

So let her ſlide upon thy gentle breſt,
And feel the ground; then lead her to her reſt.
Go Imps of honour, let the morning Sun
Gild your diſ lights, and ſpend his beams upon
Your marriage Triumphs; let his Weſtern light
Decline apace, and make an early night.
Go, *Iurtles*, go, let trebble joys betide
The faithful *Bridegroom*, and his faireſt bride:
Let your own vertues light you to your reſt;
To morrow come we to your nuptial feaſt.

By this, the curl'd pate *Waggoner* of heaven
Had finiſh'd his diurnal courſe, and driven
His panting Steeds a down the weſtern *hill*,
When ſilver *Cynthia* riſing to fulfil
Her nightly courſe, lets fall an evening tear,
To ſee her brother leave the *Hemiſphere*,
Which by the air diſpers'd, is early found
(And call'd a *pearly dew*) upon the ground:
Still as the night, no language did moleſt
The waking ear; all mortals were at reſt:
No breath of wind had power to provoke
The Aſpine-leaf, or urge the th' aſpiring ſmoke;
Sweet was the air, and clear; no ſtar was hid;
No envious cloud was ſtirring, to forbid
The wild Aſtronomer to gaze and look
Into the ſecrets of his ſpangled book;
Whil'ſt round about, in each reſounding grove,
(As if the *Choriſters* of night had ſtrove
T'excel) the warbling *Philomel* compares
And vies by turns, her *Polyphonian* airs.
And now the horn-mouth'd Bellman of the night
Had ſent his midnight ſummons to invite

Nights

Nights ravenous rebels from their ſecret holds
To rome and viſit the ſecurer Folds;
Whil'ſt drouzy *Morpheus* with his leaden keys,
Locks up the Shepherds eye-lids, and betrays
The ſcatter'd flocks; which lie like ſacrifices
Expecting fire' when the Sun god riſes.
By this the pale fac'd Empreſs of the Night
Had re-ſurrendred up her borrowed light,
And to the lower world ſhe now retires,
Attended with her train of leſſer fires,
And early *Heſper* ſhoots his golden head,
To uſher *Titan* from his purple bed;
The gray-ey'd *Janitor* does now begin
To ope his Eaſtern portals, and let in
The new born day; who having lately hurl'd
The ſhades of night into the lower world,
The dewy-cheek't *Aurora* does unfold
Her purple curtains, all befring'd with Gold;
And from the pillow of his *Crocean* bed,
Don *Phæbus* rouzes his refulgent head;
That with his all-diſcerning eye ſurvays
And gilds the mountains with his morning rays.
Now, now, the wakeful *Bridegrooom* (whoſe laſt night
Had made her ſhades too long) ſalutes the light,
Salutes the welcome light, which now, at length,
Shall crown his heart with joys, beyond the ſtrength
Of mortal language, whoſe religious fires
Shall light thoſe Lovers to their wiſh't deſires.
Up *Argalus*, and d'on thy Nuptial weeds,
T'enjoy that joy from whence all joy proceeds:
Enter thoſe joys, from whence all joy proceeds:
Up *Argalus*, and 'don thy nuptial weeds.

And

BRITISH MUSEUM

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And thou fair *Bride*, more beauteous then the day,
Thy day is come, and *Hymen* calls away;
Awake and rouze thee from thy downy ſlumber:
Thy *Day* is come: O may thy joys out number
Thy minutes that are paſt, and do enſue;
Ariſe, and bid thy Maiden bed adieu;
Put on thy Nuptial robes, time calls away;
O may thy after days be like this day.

(17)

By this, bright *Phæbus* with redoubled glory,
Had half way mounted to the higheſt ſtory
Of his *Olimpick Palace*: there to ſee
This long expected dayes ſolemnity:
When all on ſudden, there was heard (around
From every Quarter) the Majeſtick ſound
Of many Trumpets: all, in conſort running
One point of War, tranſcending far the cunning
Of mortal blaſts; and, what did ſeem more ſtrange,
The ſhril mouth'd Muſick did as ſudden change
To *Dorick* ſtrains, to ſweet mollitious airs,
To *Lyrick* ſongs, and voices like to theirs
That charm'd *Ulyſſes*: whilſt th'amazed ear
Stood raviſht at theſe changes, it might hear
Thoſe voices, (by begrees) transform'd to *Lutes*,
To *Shalms*, deep throated *Sackbuts*, and to *Flutes*,
And eccho-forcing *Cornets*; which ſurpaſt
The art of man: this *Harmony* did laſt
Vntil the *Bridegroom* came: but all men wondred
To hear the noiſe: Some thought the Heavens had (thundred
To a new tune, and ſome more wiſer ears
Concevid'

Conceiv'd it was the *Muſick of the Sphears*:
All wondred, all men gaz'd, and all could hear;
But none knew whence the *Muſick* was, or where,
Forthwith, as if a ſecond *Sun* had roſe,
And ſtroye with greater brightneſs, to depoſe
The glory of the firſt, the *Bridegroom* came,
Uſher'd along with Eagle-winged *fame*,
Whoſe twice five hundred mouths did at one blaſt
Inſpire a thouſand *Trumpets*, as he paſt:
His Nuptial veſture was of Scarlet *die*,
So deep, as it would dazle a weak eye
To gaze upon't; to which, the curious Art
Of the laborious Needle did impart
So great a glory, that you might behold
A riſing *Sun*, imboſt with pureſt Gold:
From whence ten thouſand *trailes* of gold came down
In waving points, like *Sun beams* from the Sun:
Thus from his chamber 'midſt the vulgar Croud
(Like *Titan* breaking through a gloomy cloud)
The long expected *Bridegroom* came, and paſt
Th'amazed multitude; till, at the laſt,
His Herald brought him to the *hall of ſtate*,
Where all th' *Arcadian* Nobles did await
To welcome his approach, and to diſcharge
The lower volley of their joyes at large:
The Hall was ſpatious, lightſome, and beſtrow'd
With *Flora*'s wealth, (a bounty that ſhe ow'd
This glorious feaſt) the walls were richly clad
With curious *Tap'ſtry*, (ſuch as *Greece* ne'r had
Before that day) wherein you might behold,
Wrought to the life, in colour'd ſilk and Gold,

This

This preſent ſtory of theſe peerleſs Lovers,
Which like a ſilent Chronicle, diſcovers
The ſeveral paſſages that did befal
'Twixt their firſt meeting, and their Nuptial;
Devis'd and wrought by Virgins born in *Greece*,
Preſented to this *Triumph*, as a *Piece*
Devoted to the memory and fame
Of *Argalus*, and his *Partheniaes* name;
No ſooner was the Ceremony ended
(Wherein each noble ſpirit more contended
T'expreſs affection, then affect the expreſſion
Of courtly *Rhet'rick*, in a bare profeſſion
Of airy friendſhip) but a ſudden ſhout
Of rudely-mingled voices flew throughout
The ſpatious *Caſtle*, which confus'dly cry'd,
Joy to *Parthenia*, *to the faireſt Bride.*
Forthwith (as if that heaven had broken looſe,
And *Dieties* had meant to enterpoſe
Their heavenly bodies, with the mortal tribe
Of men; or elſe, intending to aſcribe
Their pers'nal honor to this Nuptial)
In more then princely ſtate, enters the *hall*
A glorious ſhew of Ladies, all array'd
In rare and coſtly robes, and richly laid
With Gems unvalued; and each Lady wore
A ſcarfe upon her arm, embroidred ore
With *Gold* and *Pearl*; thus hand in hand they paſt
Into the *Hall*, but oft their eyes did caſt
A backward look, as if their thoughts did mind,
Some greater glory, comming on behind:
Next after them came in the *Virgin Crew*
In milke white robes (Virgins that never knew

The ſacred myſt'ries of the marriage bed,
Nor, finding trouble in a *Maidenhead*
Ere lent a thought to nuptial joyes till now)
Thus paſt theſe buds of nature, two by two,
Their long diſhevelled treſſes dangled down
With careleſs Art, and on each head a crown
Of Golden *Lawrel* ſtood: their faces ſhrowded
Beneath a vail, ſeem'd as the ſtars were clouded.
Have ye beheld in froſty Winters even,
When all the leſſer twinkling *Lamps* of Heaven
Are fully kindled, how the ruddy face
Of riſing *Cynthia* looks? with what a grace
She views the throne of darkneſs, and aſpires
Th'*Olympick* brow, amidſt the ſmaller fires?
So after all theſe *ſparks* of beauty came
(They were but ſparks to ſuch a glorious flame)
The fair *Parthenia*: Thus the roſe-cheek'd *Bride*
Enters the room; a milk-white *vail* did hide
Her bluſhing face, which ne'rtheleſs diſcloſes
Some glimps of red, like *Lawn* ore-ſpreading *Roſes*;
Thus entred ſhe. The Garments that ſhe wore
Were made of purple ſilk, beſpangled ore
With *Stars* of pureſt Gold, and round about
Each ſeveral *Star* went, winding in and out,
A *trail* of Orient *Pearl*, ſo rarely wrought,
That as the garments mov'd, you would have thought
The *Stars* had twinkled; her diſhevelled hair
Hung down behind, as if the only care
Had been to reconcile *neglect* and *art*,
Hung looſely down; and vail'd the backer part
Of theſe her Sky-reſembling Robes; but ſo,
That every breath would wave it too and fro,

Like

Like flying clouds, through which you might discover
Sometimes one glim'ring *Star*, sometimes another:
Thus on she went; her ample train supported
By thrice three Virgins, evenly siz'd and sorted
In purple robes: forthwith, the *Bridegroom* rises
From of his chair; bows down and sacrifices
The peaceful offering of a morning kiss
Upon her lips: *To such a* Saint *as this,*
O, what rebellious heart could chuse but bow,
And offer freely the perpetuall vow
Of choice obedience?

With that, each Noble moves him from his place,
And with a posture, full of princely grace,
Salutes the worthy *bride*, with words, expressing
The joyfull model of a Kingdom's blessing.
But hark! The *Hymenean Trumpet* sends
Her latest summons forth: *Hymen* attends
The noble pair, and is prepar'd to yoke
Their promis'd hands: the sacred *Altars* smoke
With *Myrrh* and *Frankincense*, the ways are strow'd
With *Flora*'s pride, and the expecting crowd
Have throng'd the streets, and every greedy eye
Attends to see the *Triumph* passing by.

At length the gates flew open: on this fashion
Began the triumph: first a *Proclamation*
Was made, with a loud voice: *If any be*
Or Lord, or Knight, or whatso'er degree,
Professing Arms or Honor *in the Land,*
That at this time can challenge or pretend
A title to Parthenia's *heart, or claim*
A right, or interest in her love or name:
Let him come forth in Person, or appear
By noble Proxy, if not present here:

And by the exc'lent honor of a Knight,
He ſhall recieve ſuch honorable right
As the juſt ſword can give; let him now come
And ſpeak, or elſe, for ever more be dumb.

Thrice was it read; which done, forthwith there came
True honors Eagle winged Herald, Fame;
Sounding a ſilver Trump; and as ſhe paſt
She ſhook the earths foundation, with her blaſt:
Next after whom in undiſſembled ſtate
The *Bridegroom* came: on his right hand did wait
The god of war in martial robes of green,
All ſtain'd with bleeding hearts, as they had been
But newly wounded, and from every wound
Freſh blood did ſeem to trickle on the ground:
And as the garments mov'd, each dying heart
Would ſeem to pant a while, and then depart:
Upon the *Bridegrooms* left hand there attended
Heavens Purſivant, whoſe brawny arms extended
A winged *Caduce*: he had ſcarce the might
To curb his feet: his feet were wing'd for flight:
Above his head their hands did joyntly hold
A Crimſon *Canopy* emboſt with Gold.
Next them twice twenty famous Nobles follow'd,
Brave men at arms, whoſe names the world had hallow'd
For rare exploits, and twice as many Knights,
Whoſe bloods had ranſom'd, & redeem'd the rights
Of wronged Ladyes: Theſe were all array'd
In robes of *Needle-work*, ſo rarely made,
That he which ſees them, thinks he doth behold
Armours of ſteel, fair filletted with Gold:
And as they marcht, their *Squires* did advance
Before each Knight his warlick *Shield* and *Lance*.

And

And after theſe, the Princely *Virgin Bride*
On whom all eyes were faſtned, did divide
Her gentle paces, being lead between
Two *Goddeſſes*, the one array'd in green,
On which the curious needle undertook
To make a forreſt: here a bubling brook
Divide two thickets: through the which doth flie
The ſingle *Deer*, before the deep mouth'd cry
That cloſely follows: there th'affrighted Herd
Stands trembling at the Muſick, and afear'd
Of every ſhadow, gazes to and fro,
Not knowing where to ſtay, or where to go:
Where, in a *Landskip*, you may ſee the *Faunes*
Following their crying mothers ore the *Lawns*:
The other was in robes, the purer die
Whereof did repreſent the mid-day skie
Full of *black clouds*; through which, the glorious *beams*
Of the victorious *Sun* appears, and ſeems
As 'twere to ſcatter, and at length to ſhed
His brighter glory, on a fruitful bed
Of noiſome weeds, from whence you might diſcern
A thouſand painful *bees* extract and earn
Their ſweet proviſion: and, with laden thighs
To bear the waxy burthens: On this wiſe
The princely *bride* was led betwixt theſe two,
The firſt, was ſhe, that on *Acteons* brow
Reveng'd her naked Chaſtity: the other (ther
Was ſhe, to whom *Joves* pregnant brain was mo-
Through *Vulcans* help, and theſe did joyntly hold
Upon her head a *Coronet* of Gold:
Whoſe train *Diana's* Virgin crew, all crown'd
With Golden wreaths, ſupported from the ground.

Next after her, upon the triumph waited
An order, by *Diana* new created,
And ſtyl'd, *The Ladies of the Madienhead*,
In white, wrought here and there with ſpots of red,
And every ſpot appeared as a ſtain
Of Lovers blood, whom their coy hearts had ſlain:
Rankt three and three, and on each head a Crown
Of *Primeroſes*, and *Roſes* not yet blown.
Next whom, the Beauties of th'*Arcadian* Court
March'd two and two, whoſe glory came not ſhort
Of what th'unlimited and ſtudied art
Of glory-vying Ladies could impart
To ſuch ſolemnities, where every one
Strove to excel, and to b'excell'd of none.
Thus came they to the *Temple*, where attended
The ſacred *Prieſts*, whoſe voices recommended
The days ſucceſs to heaven, and did divide
A bleſſing 'twixt the *Bridegroom* and the *Bride*;
Which done, and after low obeiſance made,
The firſt (while all the reſt kept ſilence) ſaid:
Welcome to Juno's *ſacred Courts: Draw near:*
Unſpotted Lovers, welcome: do not fear
To touch this holy ground; paſs on ſecure;
Our gates ſtand open to ſuch gueſts as you are;
Our gratious Goddeſs *granteth your deſires,*
And hath accepted of thoſe holy fires
We offer'd in your name, and takes a pleaſure
To ſmell our Incenſe, *in ſo great a meaſure*
Of true delight, that we are bold to ſay,
She crowns your vows, and ſmiles upon this day.
So ſaid they bowed to the ground, and bleſt
Themſelves: that done, they ſingled from the reſt

The noble *Bridegroom*, and his *Princely Bride*,
And ſaid, *Our gratious Goddeſs be our guide,*
As we are yours: And as they ſpake that word,
Their well tun'd voices ſweetly did accord
With muſick from the Altar; as a long
They paſt, they gently warbled out this Song:

THus in Pomp and Prieſtly pride,
To glorious Juno's Altar *go we;*
Thus to Juno's Altar *ſhow we;*
The noble Bridegroom *and his* Bride:
Let Juno's *hourly bleſſings ſend ye*
As much joy as can attend ye.

May theſe Lovers never want
True joys, nor ever beg in vain
Their choice deſires: but obtain
What they can wiſh, and ſhe can grant;
Let Juno's *hourly bleſſing ſend ye*
As much joy as can attend ye.

From ſatiety, from ſtrife,
From Jealouſie, domeſtick Jars,
From thoſe blows that leave no ſcars,
Juno *protect your marriage life:*
Let Juno's *hourly bleſſing ſend ye*
As much joy as can attend ye.

Thus to Hymen's *ſacred bands,*
We commend your chaſt deſerts,
That as Juno *link't your hearts,*
So ſhe would pleaſe to joyn your hands;
And let both their bleſſings ſend ye
As much joy as can attend ye.

No ſooner was this Nuptial *Carol* ended,
But bowing to the ground, they recommended
This princely pair (both proſtrate on the floor)
And with their hands preſented them before
The ſacred Altar, whereunto they brought
Two milk-white *Turtles*; and with Prayers beſought
That *Juno*'s laſting favours would deſcend,
And make their pleaſures, pleaſures without end.
With that a horrid crack of dreadful thunder,
Poſſeſt each trembling heart with fear and wonder;
The rafters of the holy Temples ſhook,
As if accurſed *Archimago*'s book
(That curſed Legion) had been newly read;
The ground did tremble, and a miſt ore-ſpread
The darkened Altar.
At length deep ſilence did poſſeſs and fill
The ſpatious *Temple*, all was whiſt and ſtill.
When from the cloudy Altar brake the ſound
Of heavenly *Muſick*, ſuch as would confound
With death, or raviſhment, the earth-bred ear,
Had not the Goddeſs given it ſtrength to bear
So ſtrong a rapture. As the *Muſick* ended,
The miſt on ſudden vaniſh't and aſcended
From whence it came. The Altar did appear,
And Aſhes lying where the *Turtles* were:
Near which, great *Hymen* ſtood, not ſeen before;
His purple mantle was imbroidred ore (behold
With Crowns of *Thorn*, 'mongſt which you might
Some, here and there, (but very few) of gold;
Upon each little ſpace, that did divide
The ſeveral Crowns, a *Gordian* knot was tide;
And turning to the *Prieſt*, he thus began:

What

BRITISH MUSEUM

(18)

What mean theſe fumes? Say, what hath mortal man
To do with us? What great requeſt? what ſuit
Does now attend us, that they thus ſalute
Our noſtrils, with ſuch acceptable ſavors?
Tell us, wherin they do implore the favors
Of the pleas'd Gods? for by the eternal throne
And Majeſty of Heaven, it ſhall be done.

Whereto, with bended knees, they thus repli'd;
Great God, this noble Bridegroom, and this Bride
Whom we, moſt humbly, here preſent before
Great Juno's *ſacred* Altar, *do implore*
Your gr ations aid; that with your nuptial bands
Your grace would pleaſe to tie their promis'd hands.

(18)

With that he ſtraight deſcends the holy ſtairs,
And with his widened arms divides and ſhares
An equal bleſſing 'twixt them both, and ſaid:

NOble Youth, and lovely Maid,
Heaven accepts your pleaſing fires,
And hath granted your deſires:
By the myſtery of our power,
Firſt we conſecrate this hour
To Juno's *name, that ſhe would bleſs*
Our proſp'rous actions with ſucceſs.
With this oyl (which we appoint
For holy uſes) we anoint
Your temples, and with nuptial bands
Thus we firmly joyn your hands:

Be joyn'd for ever : and let none
Preſume t'undo what we have done
Be joyn'd till lawleſs Death *ſhall ſever*
Both hands and hearts be joyn'd for ever :
Eternal curſes we allot
To thoſe, till then, ſhall looſe this knot.

So ſaid, he bleſt them both in *Juno*'s name,
And from their ſight he vaniſht in a flame :
That done, they roſe, and with new fumes ſaluted
The ſmoaking Altar : thrice they proſtituted
Their bended bodies on the holy ground,
Where, ſending forth the well accepted ſound
Of *thanks* and *vows*, from their divided heart,
They kiſs the ſacred *Altar*, and depart ;
And with the ſelf-ſame Triumph as they came,
Return'd ; whil'ſt the louder *Trump* of Fame
With a full blaſt, ſends forth a ſhrill retreat,
And re-conducts them to the *Hall of State*,
Whoſe richly furniſht table would invite
A bed-rid ſtomack to an appetite,
And make the waſtful *glutton*, that does eat
His unearn'd dyet with his dayly ſweat,
Behold his heaven in a more ample meaſure,
Than he had hopes to purchaſe with the treaſure
Of his beſt faith ; ſuch were the dainties, ſuch
The viands, that I dare not think too much
To term it *Paradiſe*, where all things did
Offer themſelves, and nothing was forbid :
Soon as the *Marſhal* of this princely feaſt
Had in his rightful ſeat plac'd every gueſt,
A ſoft harmonious rapture did confine
All tongues with wonder, as a thing divine.

(19)

Forthwith, with joyned hands and ſmiling faces
With habits more unequal than their paces
A jolly pair drew near the table; th'one
In green: his pamper'd body had out-grown
His ſeam-ript garments, all imbroider'd ore
With ſpreading Vines, whoſe fruitful leaves did cover
With ſwelling Cluſters; his out-ſtrutting eyes
Star'd in his head: his dropſie ſwollen thighs
Quagg'd as he went; his purple colour'd ſnout
Was deeply furniſh't and inrich't about
With *Carbuncles*; around his brows did twine
Full laden cluſters, raviſht from the Vine.
The other was a *Lady*, whom the *Sun*
VVith his bright rays, had too much gaz'd upon,
The colour of her ſilken mantle was
'Twixt *green* and *yellow*, like the fading graſs:
On which were wrought incloſed Fields of *Corn*,
Some reap't, ſome bound in ſheaves, and ſome unſhorn:
VVell favour'd was her count'nance, plump & round;
Her golden treſſes dangled to the ground:
Her temples bound with full ripe ears of *Wheat*,
VVreath'd like a *Garland*: frequent drops of ſweat
Down from her ſwarthy brows did ſlily trickle
And in her Sun-burnt hand ſhe bare a ſickle,
Thus uſher'd, with a *Bag-pipe* to the table,
They both ſtood mute, : *Bacchus* as yet unable
To challange language from his breathleſs tongue,
Till ſmiling *Ceres* thus began the ſong.

Welcome

WElcome faireſt Virgin Bride,
Welcome to our jolly feaſt:
Taſt what Ceres *did provide*
For ſo fair, ſo fair a gueſt:

Bacch. *Taſt what* Bacchus *did provide*
For ſo fair, ſo fair a gueſt:
Welcome faireſt Virgin Bride,
Welcome to our jolly feaſt.

Chor. *Our conjoyned bounties do*
Make Mars *ſmile, and* Venus *too.*

Ceres. *Welcome noble* Bridegroom *hither.*
Worlds of bliſs, and joy attend ye.
Freely welcome both together,
See what Ceres *bounty ſends ye.*

Bacch. *Freely welcome both together,*
See what Bacchus *bounty ſends ye.*
Welcome noble Bridegroom *hither;*
Worlds of bliſs, and joy attend ye.

Chor. *Our conjoyned bounties do*
Make Mars *ſmile, and* Venus *too.*

Ceres. *Here is that, whoſe ſweet variety*
Gives you pleaſure and delight;
Makes you full without ſatiety;
Waſtes the day, and haſtes the night.

Bacch. *This will rouz the man of war*
When the drum ſhall beat in vain,
When his ſpirits drooping are,
This will make them riſe again.

Chor. *You that joyntly do inherit*
Venus *beauty,* Mars *his ſpirit,*
Freely taſt our bounty: ſo
Mars *ſhall ſmile, and* Venus *too.*

The

The Song thus ended, joyning hands together,
They bow'd and vaniſht, none knew how, nor whi-
To make relation of each quaint deviſe (ther.
That art preſented their unwearied eyes:
The nature of their mirth, of their diſcourſe:
The dainties of the firſt, the ſecond courſe:
The ſecret glances of the *Bridegrooms* eye
On his fair *Bride*; how oft ſhe bluſht, and why,
Were but to rob the *Bridegroome* of his right,
Who counts each hour a Summers day till night.
Methinks it grieves me, that my Pen ſhould wrong
Poor Lovers diſappointed hopes ſo long:
And it repents me ſo, that oftentimes
Methinks I could be angry with my Rimes,
And for the cruel ſins that I commit
In being tedious, ſome I wiſh unwrit:
Let it ſuffice, what glory, what delight,
What ſtate, or what to pleaſe the appetite,
The eye, the ear, the fancy: In a word,
What joy ſo ſhort a ſeaſon could afford
To well prepared hearts, was here expreſt
In this our Nuptial, this our princely feaſt.
Thus when the board was voided, and the *Sewer*
Had now reſign'd his office with the *Ewer*,
The curions linen gone; and all the rights
Perform'd, that 'long to feſtival delights:
The light-foot *Hermes* enters in the Hall,
Holds forth the *Caduce*, and adjures them all
To depth of ſilence; tells them, 'tis his task
To let them know, the Gods intend a Mask,
To grace theſe Nuptials; and with that he ſpred
His air-dividing pinions and fled.

When ſilence thus had charmed every ear
The Mask of the Gods. *With wonder, and attention, they might hear*
The winged Quiriſters of night, about
In every corner, ſweetly warbling out
Their Philomelian *airs, and wilder note,*
Which nature taught them to divide, by rote;
So that the hall did ſeem a ſhady Grove
Wherein by turns, th'ambitious Quire *ſtrove*
T'excel themſelves.
While thus their ears were feeding with delight
Upon thoſe ſtrains, the Goddeſs of the night
Enters the Scene: *Her body was confin'd*
Within a coal black Mantle, *thorow lin'd*
With ſable Furs: *her Treſſes were of hiew*
Like Ebony, *on with a* Pearly *dew*
Hung, like a ſpiders Web; her face did ſhrowd
A ſwarth Complexion, *underneath a cloud*
Of black curld Cypreſs: *On her head ſhe wore*
A Crown *of burniſht* Gold, *beſhaded ore*
With Frogs *and* Rory miſt: *her hand did bear*
A Scepter *and a ſable* Hemiſphere:
She ſternly ſhook her dewy locks, and brake
A melancholy *ſmile, and thus beſpake;*

Drive on, drive on, (dull *Waggoner*) let ſlip
Your looſer reins, and uſe thine idle whip,
Thy pamper'd *Steeds* are purſie, drive away,
The lower world thinks long to ſee the day:
Darkneſs befits us beſt; and our delight
Will reliſh far more ſweeter in the night:
Approach (ye bleſſed *Shadows*) and extend
Your early jurisdiction, and befriend
Our nightly ſports: Approach, make no delay,
It is our Queen, your ſoveraign calls away.

With

With that, a ſudden darkneſs fill'd the Hall:
The light was baniſht, and the windows all
So neerly clos'd their eye-lids round about,
That day could not get in, nor darkneſs out;
Thus while the death-reſembling ſhades of night
Had drawn their miſty Curtains *'twixt the light*
And every darkned eye, which was deni'd
To ſee, but that, which darkneſs could not hide:
The jealous God, fearing he knows not whom,
(Indeed whom fears he not?) enters the room,
And with his club-foot groping in the ſhade
Of night, he mutter'd forth theſe words, and ſaid
Where is this wanton *Harlot* now become? *Vulcans ſpeech.*
Is light ſo odious to her? or is home
So homely in her wandring eyes, that ſhe
Muſt ſtill be rambling, where unknown to me
Can nothing be concluded, nothing done,
But intermedling *Venus* muſt be one?
Is't not enough that *Phœbus* does applaud
Her luſts, but muſt *Nights Goddeſs* be her Baud?
Darkneſs be gone, thou *Patroneſs* to luſt:
If fair means may not rid thee, fouler muſt,
Away; my power ſhall out-charm thy charms,
I'll find her panting in her Lovers arms.
Enter you *Lamplets* of terreſtrial fire,
And let your golden heads (at leaſt) conſpire
To counterfeit a day, and on the night
Revenge the wrongs of *Phœbus*, with your light.

So ſaid, the darkned hall was garniſht round
With lighted Tapers; *Every Obje&t found*
An eye to own it, and each eye was fill'd

With pleaſure in the object it beheld.
As theſe deviſeful changes did incite
Their quickned fancies with a freſh delight,
Morpheus *came in; his dreaming pace was ſo,*
That none could ſay he mov'd, he mov'd ſo ſlow:
His folded arms, athwart his breaſt, did knit
A ſluggards knot, his nodding chin did hit
Againſt his panting boſome, as he paſt:
And oftentimes his eyes were cloſed faſt:
He wore a Crown of Poppy *on his head;*
And in his hand he bore a mace of Lead:
He yawned thrice, and after homage done
To Nights black Soveraign, he thus begun:

Morpheus Speech.
Great Empreſs of the World: To whom I owe
My ſelf, my ſervice, my perpetual vow:
Before the footſtool of whoſe dreadful throne
The Princes of this lower world lay down
Their Crowns and Scepters; whoſe victorious hand
In twice twelve hours did conquer and command
This globe of earth, your ſervant (whoſe dependance
Quickens his power) comes to give attendance
Upon the earthly ſhadows, and to ſeize
Upon theſe wearied mortals when you pleaſe
T'appoint; till then your ſervant is at hand
To put in execution your command.

To whom the ſmiling Goddeſs thus repli'd.

The Goddeſs of the Nights Speech.
Morpheus, our pleaſure is to ſet aſide
This night to mirth, & time-beguiling ſports;
Our ſleep-reſtraining buſineſs much imports
Your welcome abſence, whil'ſt our ears ſhall
The *flying hours*; our mirth admits no *ſlumber* (*number*

The

The word ſcarce ended, but the Queen of Love
Deſcended from her unſeen ſeat, above:
In her fair hand ſhe led her winged Son,
And like a full-mouth'd tempeſt, thus begun:

Venus her Speech to Morpheus.

Diſloyal *Sycophant*, Death's baſtard brother,
Accurſed ſpaun, caſt from as curs'd a mother:
That with thy baſe impoſtures rifleſt man
Of half his days, of half that littls ſpan
Nature hath lent his life, that with thy wiles
Hugg'ſt him to death, betray'ſt him with thy ſmiles:
What mak'ſt thou here, and to uſurp my right,
Perfidious *Caitiffe*? *Venus* day is night:
Go to the frozen world, where man's deſire
Is made of *Ice*, and melts before the fire,
Yet ne'r the warmer: Go, and viſit fools,
Or Phlegmatick old age, whoſe ſpirit cools
As quickly as their breath: Go, what have we
To do (dull *Morpheus*) with thy Mace, or thee,
As leaden as thy Mace? Th'art made for nought,
But to ſtill Children, or to eaſe the thought
Of brain ſick Franticks; or with joys to flatter
Poor ſlumbering ſouls, which wak't, find no ſuch mat-
Go ſuccour thoſe that vent by quick retail, (ter
Their wits upon dear penny-worths of Ale:
Or marrow'd *Eunuchs*, whoſe aduſt deſire
Wants means to ſlack the fury of their fire:
O that I were a *Baſilisk*, that I
Might dart my venome, or elſe venom'd die.
Boy, bend thy bow, and with thy forked dart
Drawn to the head, thrill, thrill him to the heart:
Let fly Death's arrow, or if thou haſt none,
In Death's name ſend an arrow of thy own:

We are both wrong'd, and in the ſame degree:
Shoot then, at once, revenge thy ſelf and me.
With that the little angry God did bend
His ſteel bow, and in Death's Name did ſend
His winged Meſſenger, whoſe faithful haſte
Diſpatcht his ireful errand, and ſtuck faſt
Within his pierced Liver, and did hide
His ſinging Feathers in his wounded ſide.
Morpheus *fell down as dead, and on the ground*
Lay for a little ſeaſon in a ſwound,
Gaſping for breath. And lovers dreams (they ſay)
Have evermore been wanton ſince that day.
Venus *was pleas'd: The* Goddeſs of the night
Grew angry; ſhe would needs reſign her right
Of Government, and in a ſpleen threw down
Her Hemiſphere, *her* Scepter, *and her* Crown:
And with a duſty fog ſhe did beſmear
The face of Venus, *ſoil'd her golden hair*
With her black ſhades, and with foul terms revil'd
Both her, her cuckold mate, and baſtard child:
Whereat the God of War *being much offended,*
Forſook both ſeat and patience, and deſcended:
And to the World he proffer'd to make good
Fair Venus *honour, with his deareſt blood:*
To whom poor Vulcan *(puffing in a rage,*
To hear his well known fortune on the ſtage)
Scall'd many a thank, and with his crouching Knee,
Profeſt true Love to ſuch true Friends as he.
And ever ſince, experience lets us know,
Cuckolds are kind to ſuch as make them ſo.
By this god Morpheus *waking from his ſwound,*
Began to grown, and from his aking wound

Drew

Drew forth the buryed ſhaft; but Mars *(whoſe word*
Admits no other ſecond but his ſword)
Unſheath'd his furious brondiron, and let fly
A blow at Morpheus *head, which had well nigh*
Clove him in twain, had not the Queen of night
Hurl'd haſty miſts before his darkned ſight:
So that the Sword, by a falſe guided aim
Stuck Vulcan's foot: which ever ſince was lame:
At laſt the Gods came down, and thought it good
To nip this early quarrel in the bud;
Who fearing uproars, with a friendly Cup
Of bleſt Nepenthe, *took the quarrel up:*
And for th' offence committed did proclaim
This ſentence in offended Juno's *name.*

Morpheus from hence is baniſht for this night, *The Sentence.*
And not t'approach before the morning light:
Mars is exil'd for ever, as a Gueſt
Adjudg'd unfitting for a Marriage-feaſt.
Cupid is doom'd to rome and rove about
To the World's end, and both his eyes put out.
Venus is cenſur'd to perpetual Night,
And not (unleſs by ſtealth, to ſee the Light:
Her chiefeſt joy to be but pleaſing folly,
Perform'd with madneſs, dogg'd with melancholly

And here the Muſick did invite their paces
To meaſure time, and by exchange of places
To lead the curious beholders eye
A willing captive to variety.
Thus, with the ſweet viciſſitude of mirth
They ſpent the time, as if that Heaven and Earth
Had ſtudied to pleaſe man, in ſuch a meaſure,

That

That art could not do more t'augment their pleaſure.
And ſo they vaniſh't.

Now *Ceres* Evening bounty re-invites
Her noble gueſts to her renew'd delights:
And frolick *Bacchus*, to refreſh their ſouls
With a full hand, preſents his ſwelling Bowls.
Wine came unwiſh't, like water from a ſcource;
And Dilicates were mingled with diſcourſe:
What art could do to make a welcome gueſt,
Was liberally preſented at that Feaſt.

(20)

It was no ſooner ended, but appears
An old grey pilgrim, deeply ſtruck in years,
In tatter'd garments: in his wrinkled hand
An hour-glaſs labouring with her lateſt ſand;
Beneath his arm, a buffen Knapſack hung
Stuft full of writings in an unknown tongue,
Chronologies, out-dated *Almanacks*,
And *Patents* that had long ſurviv'd their wax;
Upon his Shouldiers Eagle-wings were joyn'd:
His head ill thatcht before, but bald behind:
And leaning on his crooked *Sythe*, he made
A little pauſe, and after that, he ſaid:

Mortals, 'tis out, my Glaſs is run,
And with it the day is done:
Dark ſhadows have expell'd the Light,
And my Glaſs is turn'd for night.

The

(20)

The Queen of darkneſs bids me ſay,
Mirth is fitter for the day:
Upon the day ſuch joys attend,
With the day ſuch joys muſt end.
Think not darkneſs goes about,
Like Death, to puff your pleaſures out:
No, no, ſhe'll lend you new delights,
She hath pleſures for the Nights.
When as her ſhadows ſhall benight ye,
She hath what ſhall ſtill delight ye:
Aged time ſhall make it known,
She hath dainties of her own:
'Tis very late, away, away,
Let day ſports expire with day:
For this time we adjourn your Feaſt:
The Bridegroom fain would be at reſt.
And if the night-paſtimes diſpleaſe ye,
Day will quickly come and eaſe ye.

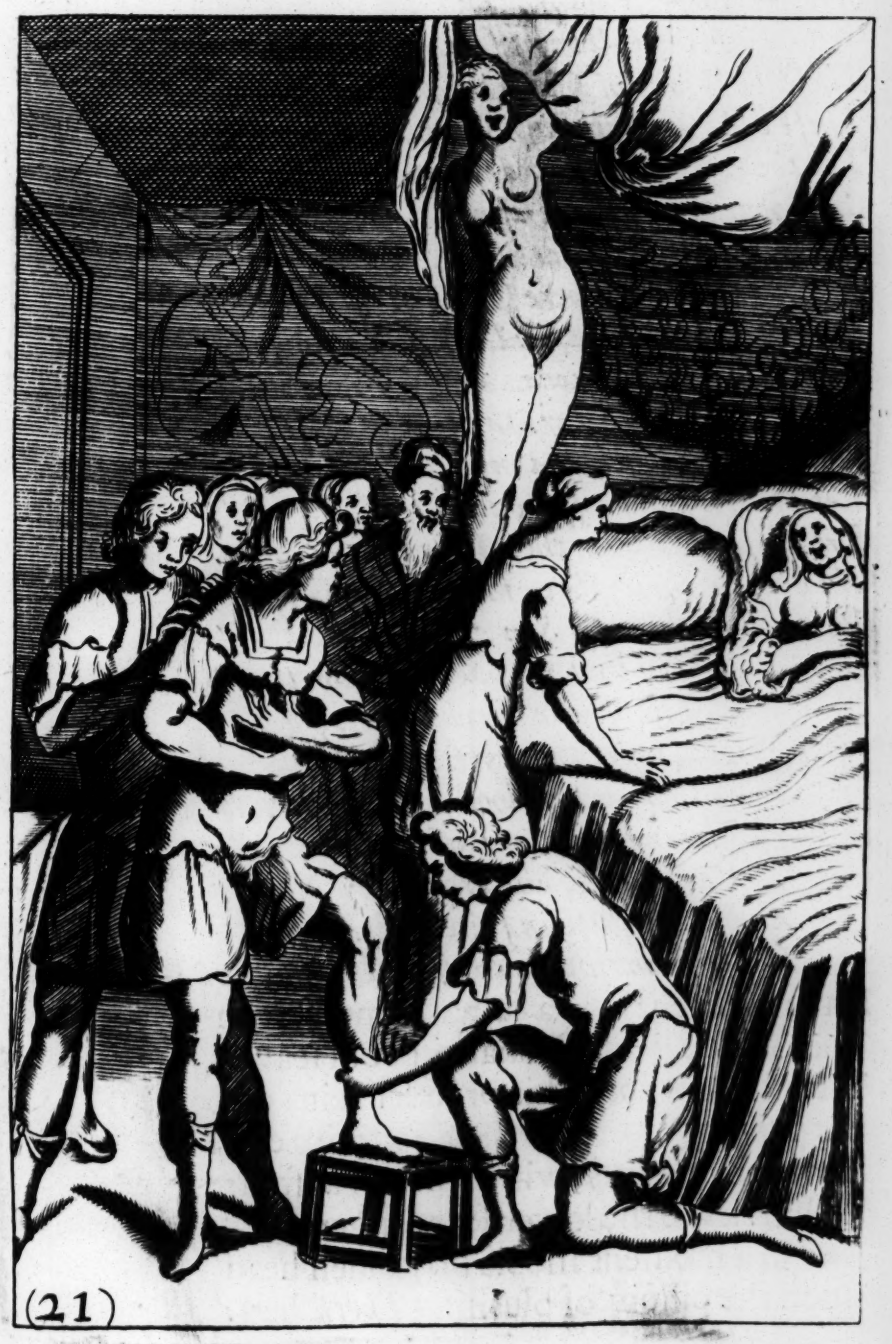
With that a ſweet vermilian tincture ſtain'd
The Brides fair cheeks: the more that ſhe reſtrain'd
Her bluſh, the more her diſobedient blood
Did overflow, as if a ſecond flood
Had meant to riſe, and, for a little ſpace,
To drown that world of beauty in her face:
She bluſht (but knew not why) and like the Moon,
She look't moſt red upon her going down.
But ſee: The ſmiling Ladies do begin
To joyn their whiſpering heads, as there had been
A plot of treaſon: till at length unſpi'd,
They ſtole away th'unwilling-willing Bride:
Their buſie hands unrob'd her, and ſo led
The timorous Virgin to he Nuptial-bed

By

(21)

By this, the Nobles having recommended
Their tongues to ſilence, their diſcourſe being ended,
They look't about, and thinking to have done
Their Service to the Bride, the Bride was gone:
And now the Bridegroom, (unto whom delay
Seem'd worſe than Death) could broke no longer ſtay:
Attended with his noble Gueſts, he enters
That room, where enterchangible *Indentures*
Of deareſt love lay ready to be ſeal'd
With mutual Pleaſures not to be reveal'd.
His garments grew too tedious, and their weight
(Not able to be born) do over-fraight
His weary ſhoulders: *Atlas* never ſtoop't
Beneath a greater burthen, and not droop't:
No help was wanting, for he did receive
What ſudden aid he could expect or have
From ſpeedy hands, from hands that did not waſte
The time; unleſs (perchance) by over-haſte:
Mean while, a dainty warbling breſt, not ſtrong
As ſweet, preſents this *Epithalmion* Song.

Man of War, march bravely on,
The Field's not eaſie to be won:
Ther's no danger in that War,
Where Lips both Swords and Bucklers are.
Here's no cold to chill thee,
A Bed of Down's thy Field:
Here's no ſword to kill thee,
Unleſs thou pleaſe to yield. Here



(21)

Here is nothing will incumber,
Here will be no ſcars to number.
Theſe be Wars of Cupid's *making,*
Theſe be Wars will keep you waking,
Till the early breaking day
Calls your forces hence away.
Theſe be Wars that make no ſpoil,
Death here ſhoots his ſhafts in vain:
Though the Souldier gets a foil,
He will rouze and fight again.
Theſe be Wars that never ceaſe,
But conclude a mutual Peace.
Let benign and proſperous ſtars
Breath ſucceſs upon theſe Wars,
And when thrice three months be run,
Be thou father of a Son:
A ſon that may derive from thee
The honour of true merit,
And may to ages yet to be,
Convey thy blood, thy Spirit:
Making the glory of his fame
Perpetuate, and crown thy Name,
And give it life in ſpite of death,
When fame ſhall want both Trump, and Breath.

Have you beheld in a fair Summers Even
The Golden headed Charioter of Heaven,
With what a ſpeed his prouder reins do bend
His panting Horſes to their Journies end?
How red he looks, with what a ſwift career
He hurries to the lower Hemiſphere,
And in a moment ſhoots his golden head
Upon the pillow of bluſhing *Thetis* bed:

Even

Even ſo the Bridegroom, (whoſe deſire had wings
More ſwift than time, ſwitcht on with pleaſure) ſprings
Into his Nuptial bed; and look how faſt
The ſtooping Faulcon clips, and with what haſte
Her talons ſeize upon the timerous prey,
Even ſo his Arms, (impatient of Delay)
His circling Arms imbrac'd his bluſhing Bride,
While ſhe (poor ſoul) lay trembling by his ſide.
The Bridegroom now grows weary of his gueſts,
What mirth of late was pleaſing, now moleſts
His tired patience: Too much ſweet offends:
Sometimes to be forſaken of our Friends,
In *Cupid's* Morals, is obſerv'd to be
The fruits of Friendſhip in the beſt degree.
And thus at laſt the Curtains being clos'd,
They left them each in others Arms repos'd.
And here my Muſe *bids draw our Curtains too,*
'Tis unfit to ſee what private Lovers do.
Reader, let not thy thoughts grow over-rank,
But vail thy underſtanding with a blank;
Think not on what thou think'ſt: and, if thou canſt,
Yet underſtand not what thou underſtand'ſt.
Sow not thy fruitful heart with ſo poor ſeeds:
Or if perchance (unſown) they ſpring like weeds,
Uſe them like weeds, thou knoweſt not how to kill
Slight them, and let them thrive againſt thy will:
View them like evils, that Art cannot prevent,
But ſee thou take no pleaſure in their ſcent:
And one thing more: when as the morning light
Shall bring the baſhful Bride *into thy ſight,*
Be not too cruel: let no wanton eye
Diſturb and wrong her conſcious modeſty:
And if ſhe bluſh, examine not for what: *Nay*

Nay, though thou ſee it (Reader) ſee it not.
And ſhall our ſtory diſcontinue here ?
Or want a period till another year ?
Shall we befriend theſe Lovers with the night,
And leave them buryed in their own delight,
And ſo conclude? No, it ſhall ne'r be ſed
That marriage joys end in the Marriage bed :
Fond and adulterate is that love which founds
Her happineſs on ſuch unſtable grounds:
And, like a ſudden blaze, it never laſts,
But as the pleaſure waxes cold, it waſtes.
Now *Argalus* awakes, and now the light
Is even as welcome to him as the night :
His eyes are fixt upon his lovely Bride,
While ſhe lies ſweetly ſlumbering by his ſide:
She ſleeps, he views her : thrice his mind was bent
To call *Parthenia*, and thrice it did repent :
Sometimes his lips, with a ſtoln kiſs would greet
Her guiltleſs lips : (*They ſay, ſtoln goods are ſweet*)
At length ſhe wakes, and hides her bluſhing cheeks
In his warm boſome, where ſhe ſafely ſeeks
For *Sanctuary*, whereunto ſhould fly
The guilt of her protected Modeſty :
He ſmiles and wiſpers in her deafned ear ;
(*Women can underſtand, and yet not hear*)
He ſpeaks, but ſhe (even whil'ſt his lips were breaking
Their words) with hers did ſtop his lips from ſpeaking.
When thrice three Suns had now almoſt out-worn
The rare ſolemnities that did adorn
Theſe Princely *Nuptials*, and had made report
Grow ſomething ſparing in th' *Arcadian* Court,

The

The *Bridegroom*, whoſe endeavours were addreſt,
To practiſe what may pleaſe his fair *Bride* beſt,
Reſolv'd to leave *Kalander's* houſe, and crown
Parthenia ſole Commandreſs of her own:
Long was it ere *Kalander's* liberal ear
Could be unlockt; it had no power to hear
The word farewell; Still *Argalus* intreated,
And fram'd excuſes; which he ſoon defeated.
But as the ſtout *Alcides* did caſhire
One riſing head, another would appear:
Even ſo, whil'ſt his ingenious love did ſmother
One cauſe of parting, he would find another.
Kalander thus at laſt (being over-wrought
With words, which importunity had taught
Inexorable *Argalus*) was fain
To yield what he ſo long gain-ſaid in vain.
'Tis now concluded, *Argalus* muſt go,
But yet *Kalander* muſt not leave them ſo:
There is no parting, till the aged Sire
Shall warm his fingers by *Parthenia's* fire.
Parthenia ſues, *Kalander* muſt not reſt,
Till he become *Parthenia's* promis'd gueſt.
The morrow next, when *Titans* early ray
Had given fair earneſt of a fairer day:
And with his trembling beams had repoſſeſt
The eyes of mortals, newly rouz'd from reſt,
They left *Kalander's* Caſtle; and that night
Arriv'd they at the *Palace of delight*;
(For ſo 'twas call'd) it was a goodly ſeat,
Well chozen, not capacious, as neat:
Yet was it large enough to entertain
A potent Prince, with all his Princely train;

It ſeem'd a Center to a Park, well ſtor'd
With *Deer*, whoſe well thriven bounty did afford
Continual pleaſure and delight; nay, what
That Earth calls good, this Seat afforded not?
Th'impatient Faulkner here may learn to ſay
Forgotten Prayers, and bleſs him every day.
The patient Angler here may tire his wiſh,
And (if he pleaſe) may ſwear, and yet catch fiſh.
The ſneaking Fowler may go boldly on,
And ne'r want ſport untill his Powder's done:
And to conclude, there was no ſtint, no meaſure
To th'old man's profit, or the young man's pleaſure:
Thither this night the Nuptial Troop is gone:
And now *Parthenia*'s welcome to her own:
But would you hear what entertainment paſt?
Conceive it rather; for my Quill would waſte
Th'unthriving ſtock of my beſpoken time,
While ſuch free bounty cannot ſtand with rime:
But that which moſt, did ſeaſon and imbelliſh
Their choice delights, and gave the trueſt reliſh
To their beſt mirth and pleaſures, was, to ſee
With what a ſweet conjugal Harmony
All things were carryed; every word did prove
To add ſome acquiſition to their Love;
So one they were, that none could juſtly ſay,
Which of them rul'd, or whether did obey:
He rul'd, becauſe ſhe would obey; and ſhe,
In thus obeying, rul'd as well as he:
What pleaſed him, would need no other cauſe
To pleaſe her too, but only his applauſe;
A happy pair, whoſe double life but one:
Made one life double, and the ſingle, none.

Thus

Thus when th' unconſtant Lady of the night
Had chang'd her horns for an Orb of Light:
Kalander (whoſe occaſions grew too ſtrong,
And may not be diſpens'd withal too long)
Takes leave, and (being equal heavy hearted
With ſad *Parthenia* for his haſte departed:
But *Argalus* (who never yet could own
Himſelf with more advantage than alone)
And fair *Parthenia* (whoſe well pleas'd deſire
Hopes nothing elſe; if *Argalus* be by her)
Needs not the help of any to augment
The better joys of their retir'd content:
Sometimes the curious garden would invite
Their gentle paces to her proud delight: (pleaſure,
Sometimes the well-ſtor'd Park would change their
And tender to her view their light-foot treaſure:
Where th'unmoleſted Herd would ſeem to ſtand,
And crave a death at fair *Parthenia*'s hand:
Sometimes her ſteps would climb th'ambitious *Tower*,
From whoſe aſpiring top they might diſcover
A little Commonwealth of Land, which none
But *Argalus* durſt challenge as his own:
Sometimes, (for change of pleaſure he would read
Selected Stories, whil'ſt her ears would feed
Upon theſe lips, and now and then a Kiſs
Would interpoſe like a *Parentheſis*,
Between their ſemicircled arms inclos'd:
(*O what dull ſpirits could be indiſpos'd*
To read ſuch Lines!) and whil'ſt upon the book
His eyes were fix'd, her pleaſed eyes would look
Upon the graceful Reader, and eſpy
A ſtory, far more pleaſing in his eye.

(22)

(22)

Vpon a day as they were cloſely ſeated
Her ears attending, whilſt his lips repeated
A ſtory, treating the renown'd adventures
And famous acts of great *Alcides*; enters
A *Meſſenger*, whoſe countenance did bewray
A haſt too ſerious to admit delay;
His hand preſents him Letters, which did bring
Their ſealed errand from th' *Arcadian* King;
Whereat *Parthenia* roſe, and ſtept aſide:
Her thoughts were troubled; ever as ſhe ey'd
The Meſſenger, her colour comes and goes:
Parthenia fears; and yet *Parthenia* knows
Not what to fear: Her jealous heart knows how
To fear an evil, becauſe it fears to know:
And as he read the lines, her eye was fixt
Upon his eye, which ſeem'd to ſtrive betwixt
A thouſand thwarting paſſions: Once he caſt
His eyes on her, and finding hers ſo faſt
On his, he bluſht, ſhe bluſht, both bluſht together,
Becauſe they bluſht for what, unknown to either.
The Letter being read (and having kiſt
Baſilius name) he ſpeedily diſmiſt
The Meſſenger, with promiſe to obey
Baſilius juſt commands without delay:
That done he took *Parthenia* by the hand,
His dear *Parthenia*, by the trembling hand:
And to her greedy eye he ſtraight preſents
The Paper ballac'd with its ſad contents:

Parthenia with a fearful ſlowneſs took it,
And with a fearful haſte did over-look it :
Her face being blanched with the pallid ſignes
Of what ſhe fear'd too ſoon, ſhe read theſe lines.

Baſilius Rex.

WHereas the famous and victorious name
Of great Amphialus, *make the Trump of Fame*
Breath nothing but his Conqueſts and Renown :
Whoſe lawleſs actions fortune ſtrives to crown
(In ſpight of Juſtice) with a Victors merit,
Reſpecting more the greatneſs of his Spirit,
Then juſtneſs of his cauſe ; to the diſhonour
Of vertue, and all ſuch as wait upon her.
And furthermore, whereas his power is known
T'oppugn the welfare of our State *and* Crown,
With ſtrong Rebellion, to the high advancement
Of his diſloyal glory, and inhancement
Of his perfidious Name, the great increaſe
Of factions, and diſturbance of our Peace :
Likewiſe, whereas his high prevailing hand
(Againſt the force whereof no fleſh can ſtand)
Could ne'r be equal'd yet, much leſs orecome :
But with loud Triumph ſtill doth carry home
The ſpoils of our loſt honour, to the fame
Of his rebellious glory, and our ſhame :
We therefore in our princely care perpending
The ſerious premiſes, and much depending
On your known Courage, have ſelected you
To ſtand our Champion-Royal, *and renew*
Our waſted honour with your Sword and Lance
In equaal Duell : *Thus you ſhall advance*
The glorious pitch of your renowned Name
With the brave purchaſe of eternal Fame:

In

In this you ſhall revive our dying glory,
And live the ſubject of theſe Ages ſtory,
(Which ſhall be read till time ſhall have an end)
And tie Baſilius *your perpetual Friend.*

To our right truſty and noble
Kinſman, Argalus.

But as ſhe read, her tears did trickle down
Upon the Lines, as if they meant to drown
Th'unwelcome meſſage, and at length ſhe ſaid.
Ah me (my Argalus) *was't this you made*
Such haſte to anſwer? did that anſwer need
To be returned with ſo great a ſpeed?
Can you, O can you be ſo quickly won
To leave your poor Parthenia, *and be gone?*
To whom reſolved *Argalus* (whoſe eye
Was fixt upon his Honour) made reply,
My dear Parthenia, *were it to obtain*
The unſumm'd wealth of Pluto; *or to gain*
The ſoveraignty of th' earth without expence
Of blood or ſweat, without the leaſt pretence
Of danger, my ambition would deſpiſe
The eaſie Conqueſt of ſo great a prize,
If parchas'd by thy diſcontent, or by
The pooreſt tear that trickles from thine eye.
But to recall my promiſe, or forſake
That reſolution honour bids me make
In this behalf, or to betray that truſt
Repos'd in me, the Gods would be unjuſt
(And not themſelves) if they ſhould but command,
Or urge me with an over-ſwaying hand:

My dear Parthenia: *let no falſe ſuggeſtion*
Abuſe thy paſſion; or preſume to queſtion
My deareſt love, though honour bids us part,
Yet honour cannot rob thee of my heart:
Honour that calls me with her loud alarms
Will bring me back with Triumph to thy arms.
So ſaid, the ſad *Parthenia* (whoſe tears
Are turn'd Lieutenants to her tongue) forbears
To tempt her language: Griefs that are but ſmall
Can ſpeak, when great ones cannot vent at all.
But tender hearted *Argalus*, (to whom
Such ſilence ſpeaks too loud) forſook the Room:
And with a breſt as full of penſive care,
As honour, gave directions to prepare
His Warlike Steed, his Martial attire,
And all things ſuch Imployment doth require.
And hear, O thou, thou great ſupream Protectreſs
Of bolder Spirits, and the ſole Directreſs
Of lofty flying Quills, which ſhall derive
To after-times, what glorious Swords atchieve:
And mak'ſt the actions of heroick Spirits
Perpetuate, and crown their names, their merits:
Illuſtrious Clio, *aid me and Inſpire*
My raged Rimes with thy divin:r Fire:
Teach me to raiſe my ſtyle, and to attain
A pitch that may tranſcend the vulgar ſtrain:
Reach me a quill rent from an Eagles wing:
And let my Ink be blood: that I may ſing
Death to the life: Let him that reads, expound,
Each daſh a Sword, and every word a wound.
By this, the Champion-Royal had put on
His Martial Weeds: but haſting to be gone,

The

BRITISH MUSEUM

(23)

The poor *Parthenia*, whoſe cold fit is paſt
(Like thoſe in agues) now does burn as faſt:
She leaves the lonely room, and coming out
She finds her *Argalus* inclos'd about
With glittering walls of ſteel: apparrell'd round
In his bright arms (whom ſhe had rather found
Lockt up in hers) and wanting nothing now
But what her lips could not (poor ſoul) allow
Without a ſea of tears, her laſt farewel,

(23)

She ran unto him, wept, and weeping fell
Upon her knees, ſhe claſpt him by the arm,
And looking up, ſhe thus began to charm:
My Argalus, *my* Argalus, *my* Dear
And wilt thou go and leave Parthenia *here*?
Wilt thou forſake me then? *and can theſe tears*
Not intercede betwixt thy deafned ears
And my ſad ſuit? *Canſt thou, O canſt thou go*
And leave thy poor diſtreſt Parthenia *ſo*?
Parthenia *ſues*, Parthenia *does implore*,
Parthenia *begs*, *that never beg'd before*:
Remember, O remember you are, now
Under the power of a ſacred vow:
Honor muſt ſtoop to vows, which once being crackt
You cannot do an honorable act.
I have a right unto you; *you are mine*:
I have that Intreſt which Ile ne'r reſigne
Till death: *Ile never hazard to forgo*

My whole eſtate of happineſs, at one throw;
No, no, I will not, I will hold thee faſt
In ſpight of honour, and her nine days blaſt;
Your former acts have given ſufficient proof
To the wide World; your valour's known enough
Without a farther tryal; there's enough
To loſe their Lives (leſs worthy) beſides you:
'Twas then a time for Arms, *when you had none,*
None other left to venture but your own:
Excuſe me then, that only do endeavour
To hold my own, which now I muſt, or never:
Mine, mine you are, and you can undertake
No danger, but Parthenia *muſt partake:*
Shall your Parthenia *be endanger'd then?*
Parthenia *ſhall be preſent, even when*
The ſtroakes fall thickeſt; and Parthenia *ſhall*
Suffer what ere to Argalus *may befall:*
Parthenia *in your greateſt pain ſhall ſmart;*
Your blood ſhall trickle from Parthenia's *heart.*
Can prayers obtain no place? by this dear hand,
The ſacred pledge of our conjugal band.
By all the pleaſures of our deareſt love;
By heaven, and all the heavenly powers above:
Or if thoſe Motives cannot find a room,
Yet by the tender fruit that in my Womb
Begins to bud; or if ought elſe appear
To thy beſt thoughts, more pretious, or more dear.
By that forſake me not, although the reſt
Prevail not, Grant this firſt, this laſt Requeſt.

To whom the broken hearted *Argalus*,
Wearied, but not o'rcome, made anſwer thus:

My

My dear Parthenia ; *Thy deſires never*
Gainſaid my will, till now : Do not perſever
To crave that boon I cannot grant : forbear
To urge me : Reſolution hath no ear ;
Weep not, (my joy) let not theſe drops of thine,
That trickle from ſo fair an eye, divine
A foul ſucceſs : Chear up ; a ſmile or two
Would make me half a Conquerour ere I go :
Shine forth, and let no envious cloud benight
The glorious luſtre of ſo fair a light :
Doubt not my life, the juſtneſs of my Cauſe,
That brings me on, will quit me with applauſe :
Fear not that ſuch a bleſſing, ſuch a Wife,
Was ere intended for ſo ſhort a life :
Expect my ſafe return ; as quick, as glorious ;
My genious tells me, I ſhall live victorious.

So ſaid, as if that paſſion bad forgot
Her mother tongue, her tongue replied not :
But, like to one, new ſtricken with the thunder,
She ſtood betwixt amazement, fear and wonder :
His lips took leave, and as his arms ſurrounded
Her feeble waſte, ſhe ſtrait fell down and ſwounded :
But *Argalus* tranſported with the tide
And tyranny of honour, could abide
No longer ſtay ; he truſts her to the guard
Of her own Woman ; left her and repair'd
Unto the Camp ; wherein he ſpent ſome days,
In parley with *Amphialus* ; and aſſays
By all perſwaſive means, to make him yield
To juſt demands, and not to ſtain the Field
With needleſs blood : but finding him unapt

For

For peaceful counſel (being ſtrongly rapt
With his own fame) and ſcorning to afford
His ear to any language, but the ſword,
He ceas'd to adviſe him ; and (enforc'd to try
A rongher *Dialect*) wrote him this defie :

Renown'd *Amphialus*,
If ſtrong perſwaſions, backt with reaſons, could
Been honor'd with your ear, your wiſdom would
In yielding to ſo fair a peace, have won
As ample glory, as your ſword hath done
You ſhould have conquer'd ſouls, where now at moſt,
You can ſubdue but bodies, that have loſt
The power to reſiſt : But ſince my ſuit,
Sown on ſo barren ſoil, can find no fruit ;
Receive a mortal challenge, from a hand,
Whoſe juſtice takes a glory to withſtand
So foul a cauſe, and labours to ſubdue,
Your heedleſs errors, whilſt it honors you :
Compoſe you then, to make a preparation,
According to your noble wonted faſhion :
And think not ſlight of ne'r ſo weak an arm
That ſtrikes, when juſtice ſtrikes up her alarm.

Argalus

No ſooner had he read it, but is Pen,
With noble ſpeed, return'd theſe lines agen :
Much more renowned Argalus,
Your faithful ſervant, whoſe victorious brow
Was never daunted yet, is daunted now
By your brave curteſie, being ſtricken dumb

With

With your rare worth, and fairly overcome:
Yet doubting not the juſtneſs of my Cauſe
(That's over-ruled by the ſacred laws
Of deareſt love) will give my ſword the power
Even to maintain it to the lateſt hour;
I ſhall erpect your coming in the Ile,
Where with a heart (not poiſon'd with the bile
Or gall of malice) with my deareſt blood,
Your Servant ſhall be ready to make good
His juſt deſigns: aſſured of no leſs
Than treble fame, if crowned with ſucceſs:
If not, there's no diſhonour can accrew
In being conquer'd, and orecome by you.

Amphialus.

Soon after *Argalus* (whoſe blood did boil
To be in action) comes into the Ile,
Clad in white Armour, gilt and ſtrangely dreſt
With knots of women's hair, which from his creſt
Hung dangling down, & with their bounteous treaſure
Oreſpread his Corſlet in a liberal meaſure:
His curious furniture was faſhion'd out,
Like to a flying Eagle round about
Beſet with plumes, whoſe crooked beek (being caſt
Into a coſtly Jewel) was made faſt
To th'ſaddle bow: her ſpreading Train did cover
His crooper, whil'ſt the trappers ſeem to hover
Like wings, that to the fixt beholders eye,
As the horſe pranc'd, the Eagle ſeem'd to fly;
Upon his arm (his threatning arm) he wore
A ſleeve, all curiouſly imbroider'd ore

With

With bleeding hearts, which fair *Parthenia* made
(In thoſe croſs times, when fortune ſo betraid
Their ſecret Love, and with a ſmiling frown
Daſht their falſe hopes) as copies of her own.
Upon his ſhield (for his deviſe) he ſet
Two neighb'ring Palms, whoſe budding branches met
And twin'd together ; the obſcure Impreſs
Imported thus : *Thus floriſhing, as theſe* :
His Horſe was of a fiery Sorrel, black
His Main, his Feet, his Tail : on his proud back
A coal black Liſt : his noſtrils open wide,
Breath'd War, before his ſparkling eye deſcride
An Enemy to encounter ; up by turns,
He lifts his haſty hoofs, as if he ſcorns
The earth, or if his tabring feet had found
A way, to goe, and yet ne'r change the ground
By this, *Amphialus* (who all this while
Thought minutes years) was landed in the Ile,
In all reſpects provided, to afford
As bounteous entertainment as the Sword
And launce could give : and at the Trumpets ſound,
The Steeds (that needed not a prick to wound
Their bleeding flanks) both ſtart, and with ſmooth run-
Their ſtaves, declining with unſhaken cunning, (ing
Perform'd their Maſters will, with angry ſpeed :
But *Argalus* his well inſtructed Steed
(Being hot, and full of courage, fiercely lead
By his own pride) preſt in his prouder head :
The which when ſtout *Amphialus* eſpide
Well knowing it unſafe to give his ſide)
Preſt likewiſe in, ſo that both men and Horſe,
Shoudring each other with a double force

Fell

Fell to the ground: but by accuſtom'd skill,
And help of Fortun's hand, that ſuccours ſtill
Bold Spirits, ſhun'd the danger of the Fall,
And had (leſs fear'd than hurt) no harm at all:
They roſe, drew forth their Swords, which now begun
To do what their left ſtaves had left undone.
Have ye beheld a Leaguer? In what ſort
The deep-mouth'd Cannon plays upon the Fort,
And how by piece-meals it doth batter down
The yielding Walls of the beſieged Town?
Even ſo their Swords, (whoſe oft repeated blows
Could find no patience yet to enterpoſe
A breathing reſpite) with redoubled ſtrength
So hew'd their proofleſs armours, that at length
Their failing truſt began to prove unſound,
And piece by piece they dropt upon the ground,
Truſting their bodies to the bare defence
Of vertue and unarmed Innocence:
Such deadly blows were dealt, and ſuch requited,
That *Mars* himſelf ſtood raviſht and affrighted
To ſee the cruel Combat; every blow
Did act two parts: both ſtruck and guarded too
At ſelf ſame Inſtant. So incomparable
Their skilful quickneſs was, that none was able
To ſay (although their watchful eyes attended
The ſtroaks) who made the blow, or who defended:
Long was it ere their equal skill and force
Of arms could ſhew a better, or a worſe:
Neither prevail'd as yet; yet both excell'd
In not prevailing. Never eye beheld
More equal odds: No wound as yet could ſhow
A drop of waſted blood, yet every blow

Was full of death: *When skillful Gameſters play,*
The Chriſtmas box gains often more than they.
At length the ſword of *Argalus* (that never
Thirſted ſo long in vain till now; nor ever
Made victorious doubtful for ſo long a ſpace)
Faſtned a wound on the diſarmed face
Of the renown'd *Amphialus*, wherein
Had not his faithful ſhield born part, and been
An equal ſharer, his unequal foe
No doubt, had ſumm'd his conqueſt in that blow:
With that the ſtout *Amphialus*, whoſe harm
Gave ſprightly quickneſs to his wounded Arm,
Upheav'd his thirſty Brondyron, and let fly
A downright blow; but with a falſifie
Reverſt the ſtroak, and left a gaping wound
In his right arm: But *Argalus*, that found
A loſs of blood, exchang'd his open play,
And for his more advantage, cloſely lay
Upon a lower guard; withal expecting
A hop'd revenge, which was not long effecting:
For whil'ſt *Amphialus*, (whoſe hopes inflam'd
His tyrannous thoughts with conqueſt, and proclaim'd
Undoubted Victory) heap'd his ſtroaks ſo faſt,
As if each blow had ſcorn'd to be the laſt.
The watchful *Argalus* (whoſe nimble eye
Diſpos'd his time in only putting by)
Put home a thruſt (his right foot coming in)
And pierc't his Navel, that the wound had been
No leſs than Death, if Fortune (that can turn
A miſchief to advantage) had forborn
to ſhew a miracle; for with that blow
Amphialus laſt made, his arm had ſo

Oreſtruck

Oreſtruck it ſelf; that ſideward to the ground
He fell; and falling, he receiv'd that wound,
Which (had he ſtood) had enter'd in point blank,
But falling, only graz'd upon his flank:
Being down; brave *Argalus* his threatning ſword
Bids yield: *Amphialus* anſwering not a word
(As one whoſe mighty ſpirit did diſdain
A life of alms) but ſtriving to regain
His legs and honour, *Argalus* let drive,
With all the ſtrength a wounded arm could give,
Upon his head; but his hurt arms (not able
To do him preſent Service, anſwerable
To his deſires) let his weapon fall,
With that *Amphialus* (though daz'd withal).
Aroſe, but *Argalus* run in and graſp't
(Being clos'd together) with him, were both clasp't
And grip'd each in th'unfriendly arms of either,
A while they grapled, grapling, fell together,
And on the ground with equal fortune ſtrove:
Sometimes *Amphialus* was got above,
And ſometimes *Argalus*. Both joyntly vow'd
Revenge; both wallow'd in their mingled blood,
Both bleeding freſh: now *Argalus* bids yield;
And now *Amphialus*: both would win the Field,
Yet neither could; at laſt, by free conſent
They roſe; and to their breathed ſwords they went:
The Combat's now renew'd, both laying on,
As if the fight had been but new begun:
New wounds aſſwage the ſmarting of the old,
And warm blood intermingles with the cold:
But *Argalus* (whoſe wounded arm had loſt
More blood than all his body could almoſt

Supply; and like an Unthrift, that expends
So long as he hath either ſtock or friends)
Bled more than his ſpent Fountains could make good;
His ſpirit could give Courage, but not blood.
As when to wealthy Clients, that wax old
In ſuit (whoſe learned *Counſel* can uphold,
And gloze the Cauſe alike on either ſide)
During the time their termly golden tide
Shall flow alike from both, 'tis hard to ſay
Who proſpers beſt, or who ſhall get the Day,
But he whoſe water firſt ſhall ceaſe to flow,
And ebb ſo long, till it ſhall ebb too low,
His Cauſe (though richly laden to the brink
With right) ſhall ſtrike upon the bar, and ſink,
And then an eaſie *Counſel* may unfold
The doubt; the queſtion's ended with the Gold:
Even ſo our Combatants, the whil'ſt their blood
Was equal ſpilt; the Cauſe ſeem'd equal good,
The Victory equal, equal was their arms,
Their hopes were equal; equal was their harms,
But when poor *Argalus* his waſting blood
Ebb'd in his Veins (although it made a flood,
A precious flood in the ungrateful Field,
His cauſe, his ſtrength, but not his heart muſt yield:
Thus wounded *Argalus* the more he fail'd,
The more the proud *Amphialus* prevail'd:
With that *Amphialus* (whoſe noble ſtrife
Was put to purchaſe Honour, and not Life)
Perceiving what advantage in the fight
He gained, and the valour of the Knight,
Became his ſuitor, that himſelf would pleaſe
To pity himſelf, and let the Combat ceaſe:

Which

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(24)

Which noble *Argalus* (that never us'd
In honour to part ſtakes) with thanks refus'd :
(Like to a luckleſs Gameſter ; who, the more
He looſes, is leſs willing to give ore)
And filling up his empty veins with ſpite,
Begins to ſum his forces, and unite
The broken ſtrength ; (and like a Lamp that makes
The greateſt blaze at going out, he takes
His ſword in both his hands, and at a blow
Cleft armour, Shield, and arm almoſt in two :
But now inrag'd *Amphialus* forgets
All pity ; and truſting to his Cards ; he ſets
That ſtock of Courage, treaſur'd in his breſt,
Making his whole eſtate of ſtrength, his Reſt :
And vies ſuch blows, as *Arg'lus* could not ſee
Without his loſs of life : ſo thundred he
Upon his wounded body, that each wound
Seem'd like an open ſluce of blood, that found

(24)

No hand to ſtop it, till the doleful cry
Of a moſt beauteous Lady (who well nigh
Had run her ſelf to death)-reſtrain'd his arm
(Perchance too late) from doing further harm :
It was the fair *Parthenia*, who that night
Had dream'd ſhe ſaw her Husband in the plight
She now had found him : fear and love together
Gave her no reſt till they had brought her thither :
The nature of her fear did now begin
T'expel the fear of Nature ; ſtepping in

Between their pointing ſwords ſhe proſtrate lay
Before their blood-bedabled feet, to ſay
She knew not what; for as her lips would ſtrive
To be deliver'd, a deep ſigh would drive
Th'abortive iſſue of her language forth,
Which, born untimely, periſht in the birth:
And if her ſighs would give her leave to vent it,
O then a tear would trickle and prevent it;
But when the wind of her loud ſighs had laid
The ſhower of her tears, ſhe ſob'd, and ſaid;
O wretched eyes of mine! O wailful ſight!
O day of darkneſs! O eternal night!
And there ſhe ſtopt; her eyes being fixt upon
Amphialus, ſhe ſigh'd, and thus went on:

My Lord,
'Tis ſaid you love; then by that ſacred power
Of love, as you'd find mercy in an hour
Of greateſt miſery, leave off, and ſheath
Your bloody ſword: or elſe, if nought but death
May ſlack your anger, O let mine, let mine
Be a ſufficient offering at the Shrine
Of your appeaſed thoughts; or, if thou thirſt
For Argalus *his life, then take mine firſt:*
Or, if for noble blood you ſeek, if ſo,
Accept of mine; my blood is noble too,
And worth the ſpilling: Even for her dear ſake,
Your tender ſoul affects, awake, awake
Your noble mercy. Grant I care not whether:
Let me die firſt; or kill us both together.
With that *Amphialus* was about to ſpeak,
But *Argalus* (whoſe heart did almoſt break

To

To hear *Parthenia*'s words) made this reply.
Parthenia, *ah* Parthenia, *Then muſt I*
Be bought and ſold for tears? Is my condition
So poor, I cannot live, but by petition?
So ſaid; he ſtept aſide, (for fear, by chance,
The fury of ſome miſguided blow may glance
And touch *Parthenia*) and fill'd with high diſdain,
Would have begun the Combat freſh again:
But now *Amphialus* was charm'd; his hand
Had not ſufficient warrant to withſtand
Parthenia's ſuit, from whoſe fair eyes there came
Such precious tears in ſo belov'd a name:
His eyes grew tender, and his melting heart
Was overcome; his very ſoul did ſmart:
He ſtirred not, but kept him at a diſtance:
And (putting by ſome blows) made no reſiſtance.
But what can long endure? Lamps wanting oyl,
Muſt out at laſt, although they blaze a while:
Trees wanting ſap, muſt wither: ſtrength and beauty
Can claim no priviledge to quit that duty
They owe to *Time* and *Change*; but like a Vine
(The unſound Supporters falling) muſt decline:
Poor *Argalus* grew faint, and muſt give ore
To ſtrike; his feeble arms can ſtrike no more:
And natures pale-fac'd Bayly now diſtrains
His blood, for that ſmall debt that yet remains
Unpaid: His arm that cannot uſe the point,
Now leans upon the pomel; every joynt
Diſclaims their idle ſinews; and his eye
Begins to double every Object by;
Nothing appears the ſame it was; the ground
And all thereon doth ſeem to dance the round:

His

His legs grew faint, and thinking to ſit down,
He miſt his chair, and fell into a ſwound.
With that *Amphialus* and *Parthenia* ran,
Ran in with haſte, *Amphialus* began
To looſe his Helmet, whil'ſt her buſie palm
Chaf'd his cold Temples, and (diſtilling Balm
Into his wounds) her haſty fingers tore
Her linnen ſleeves, and partlet that ſhe wore,
To wipe the tear-mixt blood away, and wrap
His wounds withal: upon her panting lap
She laid his liveleſs head, and (wanting bands
To bind his bloody cloaths) her nimble hands
(As if it were ordained for that end,
And therefore made ſo long) did freely rend
Her dainty hair by handfuls from her head,
But as ſhe wrapt the wounds, her eyes would ſhed
And wet the rags ſo much, that ſhe was fain
With ſighs and ſobs, to dry it up again:
Thus half diſtracted with her griefs and fears,
Theſe words ſhe intermingles with her tears.

Diſtreſs'd Parthenia! *Into what a ſtate*
Hath fortune, and the direful hand of Fate
Driven thy perplexed ſoul? O thou, O thou,
That wert the preſident of all joys but now,
Now turns the example of all miſery
For torments worſe than death, to practiſe by!
How leſs than nothing art thou? and how more
Than miſerable! Thou that wert before
All Ladies of the earth for happineſs
But very now (ah me!) now, nothing leſs:
O angry Heavens, what hath Parthenia *done,*

To

To be thus plagu'd? or why not plagu'd alone,
If guilty, what ſhall poor Parthenia *do?*
To whom ſhall ſhe complain? alas! or who
Shall give relief? Nay, who can give relief
To her that hopes for ſuccour from her grief!
O death! muſt we be parted then for ever:
And never meet again, what, never, never?
Or ſhall Parthenia *now be ſo unkind,*
To leave her Argalus, *and ſtay behind?*
No, no, my deareſt Argalus, *make room,*
(There's room enough in Heaven) I come, I come.
Who ever ſaw a dying Coal of fire
Lurk in warm embers (till ſome breath inſpire
A forc't revival) how obſcure it lies,
And being blown, glimmers a while, and dies.
So *Argalus*, to whom *Parthenia*'s breath
Giving new life, (a life in ſpight of death)
Recall'd him from his death-reſembling trance,
Who from a panting pillow did advance
His feeble head, and looking up, he made
Hard ſhift to force a language, and thus ſaid:
My dear Parthenia, *now my glaſs is run,*
The Taper tells me, that the Play is done,
My days are ſumm'd, Death ſeizes on my heart;
Alas! the time is come, and we muſt part:
Yet by my better hopes, grim death doth bring
No grief to Argalus, *no other ſting*
But this, that I muſt leave thee even before
My grateful actions can croſs the ſcore
Of thy dear merits.
But ſince it pleaſes him, whoſe Wiſdom ſtill
Diſpoſes all things by his better Will,

Depend

Depend upon his goodneſs, and rely
Upon his pleaſure, not enquiring why,
And truſt that one day we ſhall meet, and then
Enjoy each other, ne'r to part agen:
Mean while live happy: Let Parthenia *make*
No doubt, but bleſſed Arg'lus *ſhall partake*
In all her joys on earth, which ſhall increaſe
His joys in Heaven, and ſouls eternal peace:
Love well the dear remembrance of thy true
And faithful Arg'lus; *let no thought renew*
My laſt diſgrace: Think not the hand of fate
Made me unworthy, thou unfortunate:
And as he ſpake that word, his lips did vent
A ſigh, whoſe violence had well-nigh rent
His heart in twain; and when a parting kiſs
Had given him earneſt of approaching bliſs,
He ſnatch'd his ſword into his hand, and cry'd,
O Death! thou art a Conquerour; and dy'd.
With that *Parthenia*, whoſe livelihood was founded
Upon his life, bow'd down her head and ſwounded
But grief, that (like a Lion) loves to play
Before it kills, gave death a longer day,
Elſe had *Parthenia* dy'd, ſince death deprived
Him of his life, in whoſe dear life ſhe lived.
But ah! *Parthenia*'s ſorrow was too deep;
Too too unruly to be lull'd aſleep
By ought but death: ſhe ſtartles from her ſwound,
And nimbly riſing from the loathed ground,
Kneels down, and lays her trembling hand upon
His luke-warm lips, but finding his breath gone,
Grief plays the Tyrant, fierce diſtractions drive her
She knows not where, unbounded rage deprives her

Of

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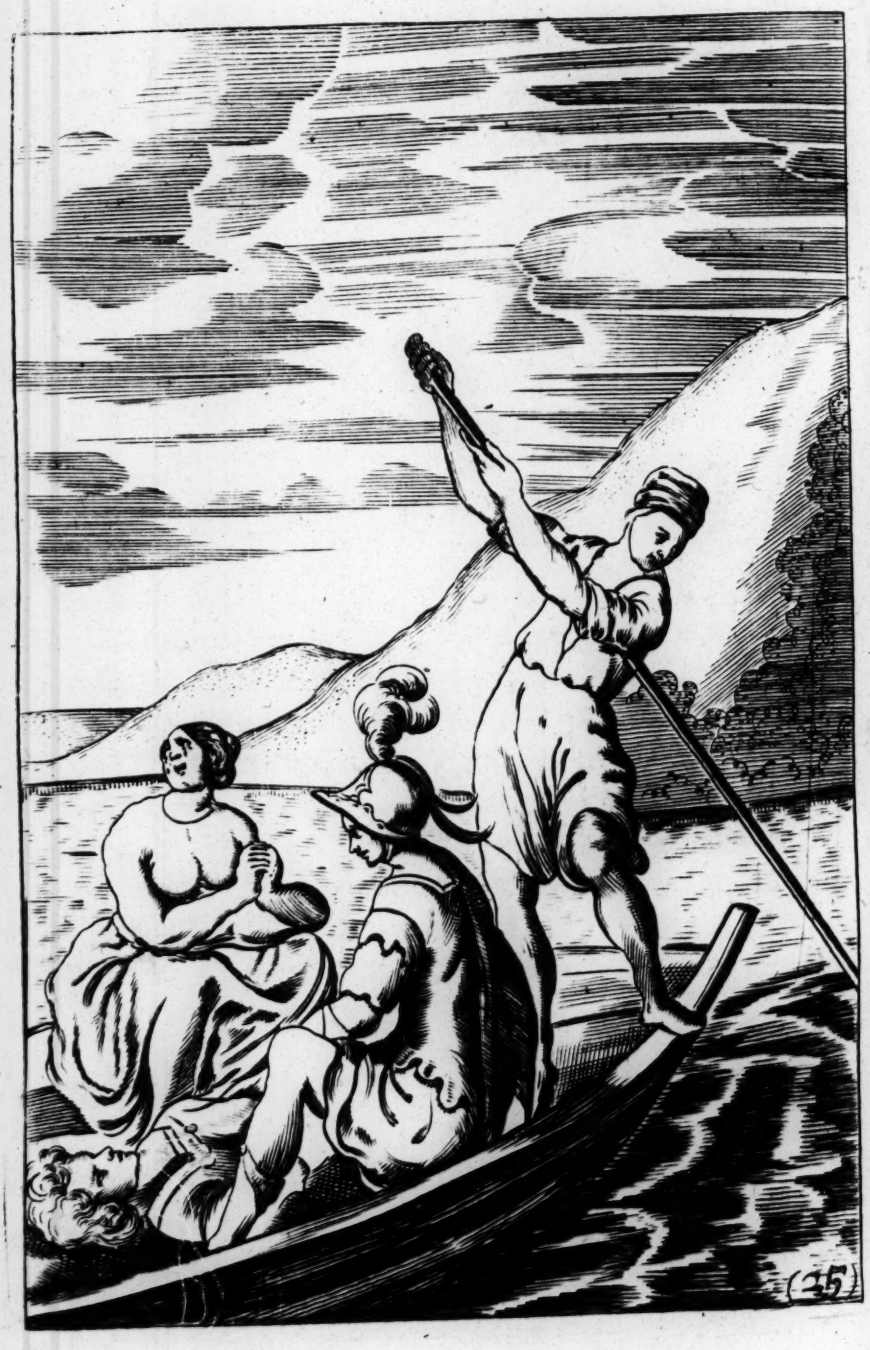
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(26)

Of ſence and language, here and there ſhe goes,
Not knowing what to do, nor what ſhe does:
Sometimes her fair miſguided arm will tear
Her beautious face, ſometimes her beauteous hair;
As if their uſe could ſtand her in no ſtead,
Since her beloved *Argalus* was dead.
But now *Amphialus* (that all this ſpace
Stood like an Idol faſtned to his place;
Where with a world of tears he did bemoan
The deed that his unluckly hands had done)
Well knowing that his words would aggravate,
Not eaſe the miſery of her woful ſtate,
Spake not, but caus'd her woman that came with her
To urge her to the *Ferry*, where together

(25)

With her dead *Argalus* ſhe 'mbarkt; from whom
She would not part: No ſooner was ſhe come
To t'other ſhore, but all the funeral ſtate
Of Military Diſcipline did wait
Upon the Corps, whil'ſt troops of trickling eyes
Fore-ran the well-perform'd Solemnities:
The Marſhal Trumpet breath'd her doleful ſound,
Whil'ſt others trail'd their Enſigns on the ground:

(26)

Thus was the moſt lamented Corps convey'd
Upon a Chariot lin'd, and over-laid

With

With ſable, to his houſe, a houſe, than night
More black, no more the *Palace of Delight*:
Where now we leave him to receive the Crown
Prepar'd for vertue, and deſerv'd renown:
Where now we leave him to be full poſſeſt
Of endleſs Peace, and everlaſting Reſt.
But who ſhall comfort poor *Parthenia* now?
What Oratory can prevail? or how
Can Counſel chooſe but bluſh to undergo
So vain a task, and be condemned too?
May reaſon move a heart, whoſe beſt relief
Conſiſts in deſp'rate yielding to a grief?
Or what adviſe can reliſh in her ears
That weeps, and takes a pleaſure in her tears?
Readers, forbear, ſorrows that are lamented,
Are but exulcerated, but augmented:
Forbear attempt, where there is no prevailing,
A deſp'rate grief grows ſtronger by bewailing,
Leave her to time and fortune: let your eyes
No longer pry into her miſeries:
True Mourners love to be beheld of none,
Who truly grieves, deſires to grieve alone.
But now our Blood-hound *Muſe* muſt draw, and track
Amphialus, and bring the murtherer back
To a new Combat: Where, if Fortune pleaſe
To crown your Tragick Scene, and to appeaſe
The crying blood of *Argalus* with blood:
Our better reliſh ſtory (making good
Your hopeful expectations) ſhall befriend
The tears of our *Parthenia*, an end.
Soon as the ſtout *Amphialus* had out-worn
The danger of his wounds, and made return

Into the Martial Camp, there to maintain
His new got honour, and to entertain
Aggrieved Challangers, that ſhall demand
Or ſeek for ſatisfaction from his hand;
An armed Knight came praunſing ore the Plain,
Denouncing War, and breathing for Diſdain:
Four Damſels uſher'd him in ſable weeds;
And four came after all on mourning Steeds:
His curious Armour was ſo painted over
With lively ſhadows, that ye might diſcover
The Image of a gaping Sepulchre:
About the which were ſcattered here and there
Some dead men's Bones: his Horſe was black as Jet
His Furniture was round about beſet
With branches, ſlipt from the ſad Cypreſs Tree,
His baſes (reaching far below the Knee)
Embroider'd ore with worms: upon his Shield,
For his Impreſs he had a beauteous Child,
Whoſe body had two heads, whereof the t'on
Appear'd quite dead; t'other (drawing on)
Did ſeem to gaſp for breath, and underneath
This *Motto* was ſubſcrib'd, *From Death, by death*:
Thus arm'd to point, he ſent his bold defie
T'*Amphialus*, who ſent as quick reply.

(27)

Forthwith being ſummon'd by the Trumpets ſound,
They ſtart; but brave *Amphialus*, that found,
The Knight had miſt his Reſt, (as yet not met)
Scorning to take advantage, would not let

His Launce deſcend, nor (bravely paſſing by)
Encounter his befriended Enemy.
Whereat the angry Knight (not apt to brook
Such unſupportable miſhap) forſook
His white-mouth'd Steed, throwing his Launce aſide,
(Which too too partial Fortune hath deny'd
A fair ſucceſs) drew forth his glittering Sword;
Whereat *Amphialus* lighted, who abhor'd
A Conqueſt meerly by advantage gain'd,
Eſteeming it but robb'd, and not obtain'd).
Drew forth his Sword, and for a little ſpace
Their ſtroaks contended with an equal pace,
And fierceneſs: he herein did more diſcover
A bravery than anger, whil'ſt the other
Bewray'd more ſpleen, than either skill or ſtrength
To manage it: *Amphialus* at length,
With more than wonted eaſe, did batter ſo
His ill defended armour, that each blow
Open'd a door for Death to enter in:
And now the noble Conquerour does begin
To hate ſo poor a Conqueſt, and diſdain'd
To take a life ſo eaſily obtain'd,
And mov'd with pity, ſtepping back, he ſtaid
His unreſiſted Violence, and ſaid,
Sir Knight, conteſt no more; but take the peace
Of your own paſſion: Let the Combat ceaſe,
Seek not your cauſleſs ruine; turn your arm
(Better imploy'd) 'gainſt ſuch as wiſh your harm;
Husband your Life before it be too late,
Fall not by him that ne'r deſerv'd your hate.
To whom the Knight return'd theſe words again,
Thou ly'ſt falſe Traytor, *and I here diſdain* *Both*

Both words and mercy, and with a baſe deſie,
And to thy throat my Sword ſhall turn the lye.
To whiom *Amphialus* repli'd, *Uncivil Knight,*
Couragious in nothing but in ſpight,
And baſe diſcourteſie, thou ſoon ſhalt know
Whether thy tongue betrays thy heart or no.
And as he ſpake, he gave him ſuch a wound
Upon the Neck, as ſtruck him to the ground:
And with the fall, his Sword (that now deny'd
All mercy) fiercely tilts into his ſide:
That done; he loos'd his Helmet with intent
To make his over-laviſh tongue repent
Of theſe baſe words he had ſo baſely ſaid,
Or elſe to crop him ſhorter by the head.
Who ever ſaw th'illuſtrious eye of Noon
(New broken from a gloomy cloud) ſend down
His earth-rejoycing glory, and diſplay
His golden Beams upon the Sons of Day:
Even ſo the Helmet being gone, a fair
And coſtly Treaſure of unbraided Hair
Oreſpread the ſhoulders of the vanquiſht Knight,
Whoſe now diſcover'd viſage (in deſpight
Of neighb'ring death) did witneſs and proclaim
A ſoveraign beauty in *Parthenia*'s Name,
And ſhe it was indeed, ſee how ſhe lies
Smiling on death, as if her bleſſed eyes
(Bleſt in their beſt deſires) had eſpied
His face already, for whoſe ſake ſhe died:
The Lillies and the Roſes (that while ere
Strove in her Cheeks, till they compounded there,
Have broke their truce, and freſhly faln to blows,
Behold the *Lilly* hath orecome the *Roſe*:

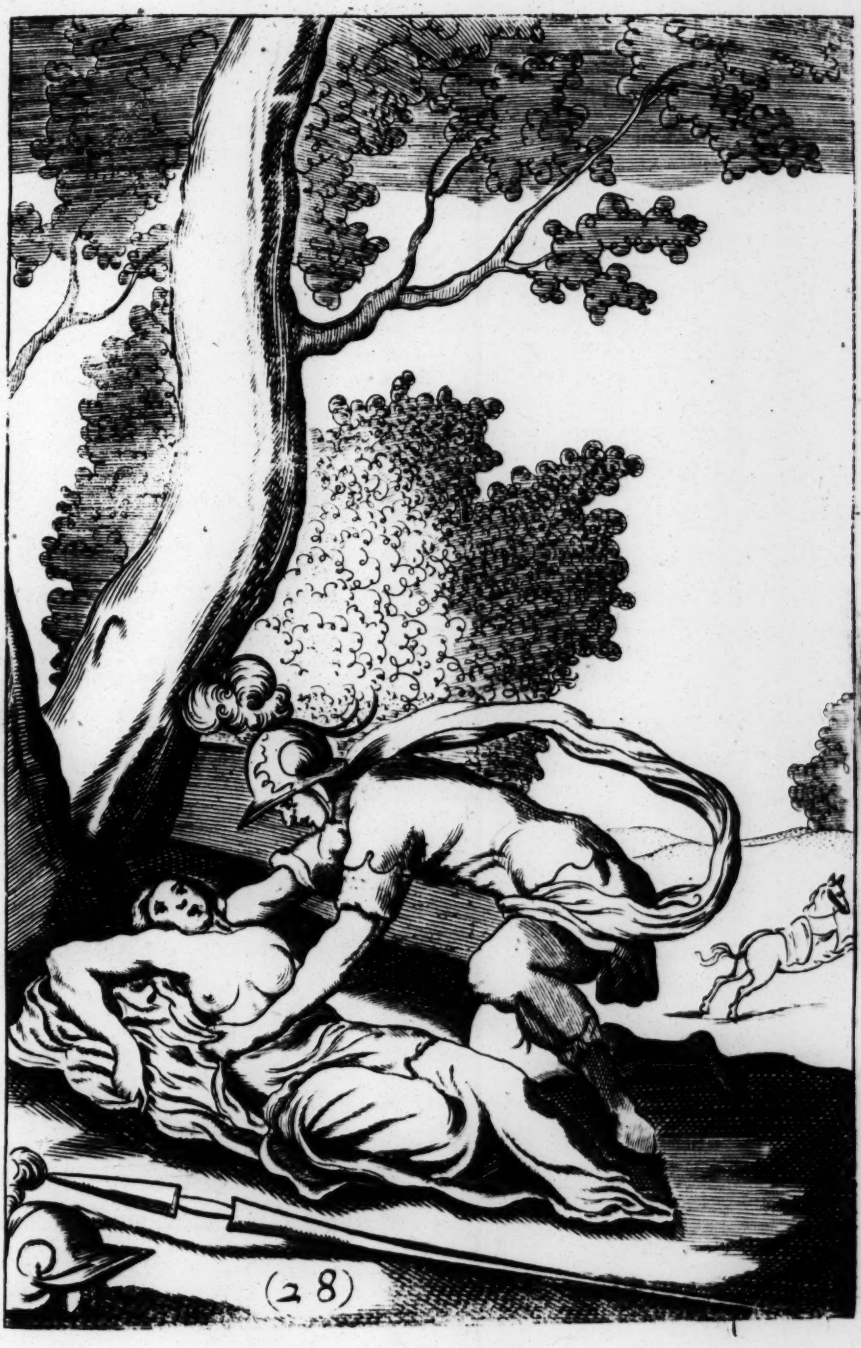
Her Alabaſter neck (that did out-go)
The Dov's in whiteneſs, or the new-fall'n Snow)
Was ſtain'd with blood, as if the red did ſeek
Protection there, being baniſh't from her Cheek:
So full of ſweetneſs was her dying face,
That Death had not the power to diſplace
Her native beauty; only by tranſlation,
Moulded and cloathed in a newer faſhion.

(28)

But now *Amphialus* (in whom grief and ſhame
Of this unlucky Victory, did claim
An equal Intereſt) proſtrate on the earth,
Accurs'd his ſword, his arm, his hour of birth;
Caſting his Helmet, and his Gauntlet by,
His undiſſembling tears did teſtifie
What words could not: but finding her Eſtate
More apt for help than grief (though both too late)
Crept on his Knees, and begging pardon of her,
His hands (his often curſed hands) did proffer
Their needleſs help, and with his Life to ſhow
What honour a devoted heart could do:
Whereto *Parthenia* (whoſe expiring breath
Gave ſpeedy ſigns of a deſired death)
Turning her fixt (but oft recalled) eyes
Upon *Amphialus*, faintly thus replies.

Sir, you have done enough, and I require
No more: Your hand have done what I deſire,
What I expect: and if againſt your will,

The



The better; ſo I wiſh your favours ſtill:
Yet one thing more, (if Enemies may ſue)
I crave, which is, to be untouch't by you;
And as for honour, all that I demand,
Is, not to purchaſe honour from your hand:
No, no, 'twas no ſuch Bargain *made, That he*
Whoſe hands had kill'd my Arg'lus, *ſhould help me:*
Your hands have done enough, I crave no more;
And for the deed's ſake, I forgive the Doer.

What then remains, but that I go to reſt
With Argalus, *and to be repoſſeſt*
Of him, with him for ever to abide,
Ere ſince whoſe death I have ſo often di'd.
And there ſhe fainted (even as if the Clock
Of Death had given a warning ere it ſtruck)
But ſoon returning to her ſelf again:
Welcome ſweet death, ſaid ſhe, *whoſe minutes pain*
Shall crown this ſoul with everlaſting pleaſure:
Delay me not: O do me not that wrong,
My Argalus *will chide, I ſtay ſo long:*
O now I feel the Gordian-knotted *bands*
Of life unti'd: O heavens! Into your hands
I recommend my better part, with truſt
To find you much more merciful than juſt,
(Yet truly juſt withal) O Life! O Death!
I call you to a Witneſs, that this breath
Ne'r drew a blaſt of Comfort ſince that hour
My Arg'lus *died: O thou eternal power,*
Shroud all my faults behind the milk-white Vail
Of thy dear mercy; and when this tongue ſhall fail

To ſpeak : O then.

And as ſhe ſpake (*O then*) O then ſhe left
To ſpeak ; and being ſuddenly bereft
Of words, the fatal Siſter did divide
Her ſlender twine of Life, and ſo ſhe di'd.

So di'd *Parthenia*, in whoſe cloſed eyes
The VVorld of beauty and perfection lies
Lockt up by Angels, (as a thing divine)
From mortal eyes, the whil'ſt her vertues ſhine
In perfect glory, in the throne of glory,
Leaving the world no relique but the ſtory
Of earth's Perfection ; for the mouth of Fame
To conſecrate to her eternal Name,
VVhich ſhall ſurvive (if Muſes can divine)
(Though not in theſe poor Monuments of mine)
To th'end of days, and by the looſer rimes,
Shall be deliver'd to ſucceeding times ;
So long as Beauty ſhall but find a friend,
Parthenia's laſting fame ſhall never end :
Till, to be truly vertuous, to be chaſt,
Be held a Sin, *Parthenia*'s Name ſhall laſt.

Thus when *Amphialus* had put out this Lamp,
This Lamp of honour, he forſook the Camp,
And like a willing Priſoner, was confin'd
To the ſtrict limits of a troubled mind :
No Jury need b'impanell'd or agreed
Upon the Verdict, none to atteſt the deed ;
None to give ſentence in the Judgment-Hall ;
Himſelf was VVitneſs, Jury, Judge, and all ;
VVhere now we leave him, whil'ſt we turn our eyes
Upon *Parthenia*'s VVomen, whoſe fierce cryes
Inforce a helpleſs Audience : *It is ſaid,*

When

When Troy *was taken, ſuch a Cry was made.*
One ſnatcht *Parthenia's* ſword, reſolv'd to die
Parthenia's death: Another raving by,
Strove for the weapon; through which eager ſtrife,
They both were hindred, and each ſav'd a Life.
Others, whom wiſer paſſions had taught how
To grieve at eaſier rates, did rudely throw
Their careleſs Bodies on the purple floor:
VVhere ſprinkling duſt upon their heads, they tore
Their tangled hair, and garments drench't in tears,
And cry'd, as if *Parthenia's* bleſſed ears
Could hear the Voice of grief, ſuch griefs as would
Return her from her glory, if they could:
Each heart was turn'd a VVardrobe of true paſſion,
VVhere griefs were clothed in a ſeveral faſhion,
Sometimes their ſorrow would recall to view
Her Vertue, Chaſtneſs, Sweetneſs, and renew
Their waſted paſſions, and oft-times they bann'd
Themſelves for obeying her unjuſt Command.
And now by this the mournful Trump of Fame
(Grown hoarſe with very ſorrow) did proclaim
And ſpread her doleful tydings, whil'ſt all ears
And eyes were fill'd with death and ſliding tears:
Pity and ſorrow, mixt with Admiration,
Became the threefold ſubjects of all paſſion:
Grief went her progreſs through all hearts, or none,
From the poor Cottage to the Princely-Throne:
Could one a thought, whoſe beſt advice could borrow
The ſmalleſt reſpite from th'extreams of ſorrow.
But all this while, *Baſilius* Princely breſt,
As it commanded, ſo out-griev'd the reſt:
His ſhare was treble: Hearts of Kings are deep

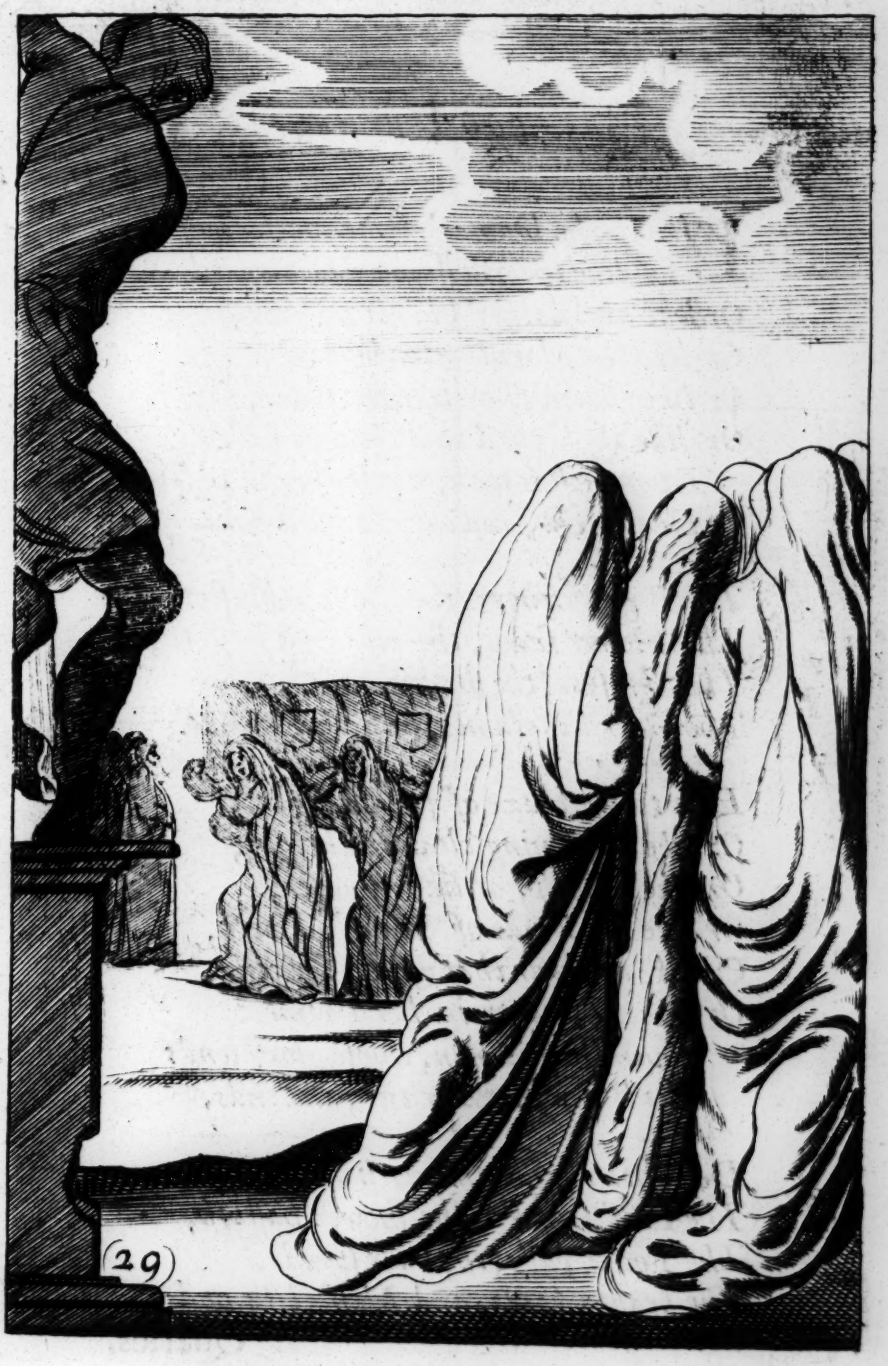
And

And cloſe; what once they entertain, they keep
With Violence: the violence of his paſſion
Admits no means, as yet, no moderation:

(29)

But ſoon as grief had done her private Rights
And Dues to *Honour*: *Honour* (that delights
In publick Service, and can make the breath
Of ſighs and ſobs to triumph over Death)
Call'd in Solemnity, with all her train
And Military Pomp, to entertain
Our welcome Mourners, whoſe ſlow paces tread
The paths of death; and with ſad Triumph lead
The ſlumbering body to that bed of reſt,
Where nothing can diſquiet, or moleſt
Her ſacred Aſhes; there intombed lay
The valliant *Argalus*; and there they ſay,
Ere ſince that time, th'*Arcadians* once a year,
Viſit the Ruines of their Sepulchre;
And in memorial of their faithful Loves,
There built an Altar, where two milk-white Doves
They yearly offer to the hallowed Fame
Of *Argalus*, and his *Parthenia's* Name.

Hos


(29)

Hos ego Verſiculos.

Like to the Damask Roſe you ſee,
Or like the Bloſſom on a Tree,
Or like the dainty Flower of May,
Or like the Morning to the day,
Or like the Sun, or like the ſhade,
Or like the Gourd that Jonas *had:*
Even ſuch is man, whoſe thread is ſpun,
Drawn out, and cut, and ſo is done.

The Roſe withers, the Bloſſom blaſteth,
The Flower fades, the morning haſteth,
The Sun ſets, the ſhadow flies,
The Gourd conſumes, and man he dies.

Like to the blaze of fond delight;
Or like a morning clear and bright,
Or like a Froſt, or like a ſhower,
Or like the Pride of Babel's *Tower,*
Or like the hour that guides the time,
Or like to Beauty in her Prime:
Even ſuch is man, whoſe glory lends
His life a blaze or two, and ends.

Delights vaniſh, the morn ore-caſteth,
The Froſt breaks, the ſhower haſteth,
The Tower falls, the hour ſpends,
The beauty fades, and Man's life ends.

Fr. Quarles.

The

The Author's Dream.

MY Sins are like the hairs upon my head,
And raiſe their Audit to as high a ſcore:
In this they differ: Theſe do dayly ſhed;
But ah! my Sins grow dayly more and more.
If by my hairs thou number out my ſins;
Heaven make me bald before the day begins

2

My Sins are like the Sands upon the ſhore,
Which every ebb lays open to the eye:
In this they differ: Theſe are cover'd ore
With every Tide; my ſins ſtill open lye.
If thou wilt make my head a Sea of Tears,
O they will hide the ſins of all my years.

3

My Sins are like the Stars within the Skies,
In view, in number, even as bright, as great:
In this they differ: Theſe do ſet and riſe;
But ah! my ſins do riſe, but never ſet.
Shine Sun of glory, and my ſins are gone,
Like twinkling Stars before the riſing Sun.

Fr. Quarles

FINIS.